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A NIGHT WITH SPOONER.

TO the curious in ethical phenomena, the conscience of a corporation, assembly, or crowd, is a fine study. For there is such a thing as an informing spirit in a noun of multitude—*mens agitat molem*, as a schoolboy would say. And a very curious fermentation sometimes comes of it, in the shape of panic terrors, popular delusions, sudden frenzies, and the like. This is only according to the common law of combustion. Particles in themselves harmless become hot on compression, and take fire. People are ill-tempered in a crowded omnibus—they are simply mad when it comes to a National Assembly, or a convention of the human race. Nor is this the only phenomenon presented by the corporate or collective conscience. Whilst the crowd gets frantic, the individual gets unprincipled. As the mass swells, so the man shrinks—the unit growing infinitely small in his own eyes as the body to which he belongs grows infinitely large. As soon as a man becomes a railway director, he merges his conscience in the board. So it is with an M.P. He dares to do in St. Stephen's what he would be banished from all respectable society for doing in the ordinary intercourses of life. This annual craze about Maynooth furnishes a case in point. The whole thing is a real insult to the country, as well as a disgrace to the great assembly in which it is perpetrated. There is not a shred of earnestness or sincerity in the proceeding, from first to last—it is a vast hypocrisy and make-believe. It is, in the language of the ring, "a plant"—it is a mock duel, a sham fight, a mere playing at Parliament. It has as much real weight as a debate and division in the Union at Oxford or Cambridge. "For this night only," the Maynooth farce is acted by a company of amateur Senators. All the old women of Parliament have a clear stage, and certainly no favour in this Ecclesiazusse; and for all practical purposes the jest might as well be played in the theatre of Bacchus as in the Chapel of St. Stephen's.

There are, doubtless, some fanatics, both in and out of the House, who rejoice in the great Maynooth night. It is the grain of salt which keeps Parliament from total corruption—the standing protest against national apostacy—the one oasis in the great desert of Anti-Christian infidelity. If this solitary bray satisfied Exeter Hall—did the noble animal content himself with his annualfeat of absurdity and folly—we could afford to let Jeshurun wax fat for a single night, and kick to his heart's content. The medieval Feast of the Ass, if we remember rightly, was only an annual joke. All Fools' Day comes but once a year. We can endure a Saturnalia once in the twelvemonth. We do not grudge SPOONER his night—or BERKELEY his night—or MUNTZ his night. KEAN has a benefit—so has GRIMALDI. But, unfortunately, the House of Commons cannot play the fool with closed doors. The Maynooth night is very funny; but it costs money. It endangers the tranquillity of a whole kingdom—it imperils the loyalty of six millions of men. It insults, and wrongs, and exasperates those who are at present among the most peaceable, contented, prosperous, and promising sections of the community. Having but just succeeded in undoing the wrong of centuries—having at length, with infinite difficulty, made Ireland industrious, loyal, and united—it is rather hard for us to throw all this away for the great jest of seeing SPOONER with his face ruddled and chalked, and NEWDEGATE playfully performing a somerset with the famous and familiar, *Here we are*. CHARLES LAMB's roast pig was unctuous eating; but even roast pig would be dear at the price if one was obliged to burn a house for the crackling. Mr. SPOONER's backers know this; and by this time he knows it himself. He cannot find a single statesman to stand by him. The chiefs of his party leave him to grimace to empty benches, and to march through Coventry with a ragged regiment of rank and file. Even the unfortunates who,

true to their miserable hustings professions, and false to their own convictions, are forced to follow him into the lobby, shirk the terrible infliction of his arguments. They give him their votes, but not their ears. Mr. SPOONER himself, on Tuesday night, had to pour forth an indignant lamentation to the deserted benches behind him and the snoring seats before him. He snatched up a chance majority; but the majority had no faith in their own votes. Not a man who has ever held office, or who ever can hold office, or who aspires to hold office, will undertake the responsibility of disendowing Maynooth. Not a notable voted in the majority. BRAMLEY-MOORE and Sir ANDREW AGNEW, CHALLIS and DUKE, PELLATT and TITE—these gentlemen can afford to vote that the sun moves round the earth, or that it is expedient to abolish east winds. That eminent and severe religionist, Sir C. NAPIER, has of course his own private prickings of conscience, and, fresh from the study of the schoolmen and the Tridentine Decrees, votes with fervour and conviction against LIQUORI and DENS. But where are DISRAELI and PAKINGTON? They had too much sense to join SPOONER's awkward squad, but too little straightforwardness and honourable feeling to vote according to their convictions, and against hypocrisy and wrong.

These are the things which inspire distrust in public men, and create contempt for the Legislature. Parliament grievously suffers by such unseemly exhibitions. The representative system is lowered in popular esteem—the friends of constitutional government begin to ask themselves how far this tyranny of bigotry and ignorance, this influence on Parliament of platform polemics and tea-table infallibility is to go. We can laugh at SPOONER, but the absence, on such an occasion, of the heads of a great party ready and anxious to take office, is a more serious matter. If Conservative statesmen cannot hold out any hopes to Mr. SPOONER that they will disendow Maynooth, they are bound in honour to disown his mischievous proceedings. Mr. SPOONER has a right to this—those ill-advised constituencies which exact the Maynooth pledge have a right to it—Ireland, England, and constitutional government, all demand this straightforward course. The endowment of Maynooth was a great experiment. It was an instalment of justice, and at the same time a stroke of policy. It was, in one sense, a compact, but it was also an act of statesmanship. Justice was concerned in it, and so was the tranquillity of the Empire. It is, of course, conceivable that circumstances may arise which would justify the annulment of the bargain with Maynooth. Political contracts may be set aside on the score of breach of faith. But will Lord DERBY and his followers say that Ireland and the authorities of the Church of Rome have so far violated the Maynooth compact as to entitle us to cancel it? The endowment of Maynooth found Ireland in chronic and barely-suppressed rebellion. If that endowment is superseded, it will be because it has made Ireland loyal, peaceable, and united. There may be adequate inducements for a great political party to revise a great political act; but let them be ascertained. Instead of announcing any such intention, or disavowing it, the Tory leaders abstain from voting.

We are not particularly sorry at Mr. SPOONER's immediate success. It will bring things to an open issue. It will compel "the coming men" to declare themselves. The Bill for disendowing Maynooth, which now awaits its second reading, will unmask pretenders and waiters upon Providence. It will show whether there are men who will undertake to govern this great country on the principles of FOXE's Martyrs, and with no other text-book than the platform harangues of M'GHEE and O'SULLIVAN. It will show what is in reserve for us. Ignorant, stolid, unmeaning, uncalculating bigotry—the firm, relentless religionism of CROMWELL, or MAHOMET, or CALVIN, who would sacrifice every social and

political necessity for what it considers to be truth—the truth of proscription, exclusion, and persecution—this we can understand. And this is what Mr. SPOONER means. He thinks that Roman priests govern Ireland, and that Roman priests are anti-Christ. An Armageddon and floods of blood are the natural and fitting results of this view. If we believed that the Devil was in Dublin Castle, and that we could get rid of him by a civil war in Ireland, then of course, we should have no greater objection to a war against the Devil *in propria persona* in Ireland than against Nicholas in the Crimea. And, reduced to common sense, this is Mr. SPOONER's view. Lord BERNARD expresses it in so many words:—"This Sebastopol of the Church of Rome can no longer be allowed to exist as a standing menace to Protestantism, and it must be utterly razed." Remembering what bloodshed and slaughter Sebastopol cost, we understand Lord BERNARD, and we fear that he understands himself. But if anything less than this is meant by the success of Mr. SPOONER's motion, we must say that those who have permitted even its temporary success have a great deal to answer for. They have raked up the embers of polemical hatred, only to embitter both parties, and to satisfy neither. They have done something to stimulate ultra-Protestant expectations which they never mean to fulfil. They have awakened heartburnings which even subsequent liberality and honesty will fail to lay asleep; and they have provoked suspicions which will make the government of Ireland difficult to all public men, but impossible to any who are suspected of connivance at Mr. SPOONER's bigotry and intolerance.

ITALY.

LITTLE direct or immediate advantage to Italy can be expected from the labours of the recent Congress; but some notorious truths will have received official recognition, and a formal ground will, perhaps, have been secured for the intervention of the Great Powers at some more favourable time. It is scarcely possible that Count CAVOUR's memorandum of remonstrance, however ably it may have been drawn up, can contain anything new; but there is a wide difference between a pamphlet or an article in a journal and a state-paper included in the archives of a great European Congress. One at least of the confederates who have carried the war to a successful conclusion, openly denounces the oppression practised under the patronage of Austria, and the dark and cruel tyranny of the perjured despot of Naples. There can be no doubt that, as the representative of a greater State, Lord CLARENCE has spoken strongly in favour of justice, or at least of mercy, towards Italy; and it is even reported that Count ORLOFF has not been unwilling to take an opportunity of resenting that half-faced policy which has left Austria without an admirer or a well-wisher in Europe. The Emperor of the FRENCH is himself responsible for a portion of the innumerable evils which foreign occupation inflicts on Italy; but he assuredly can feel no sympathy for the scandalous misrule of Parma, of Rome, and of Naples. Nothing definite may have been accomplished at the Conferences, but the condition of the Peninsula is less hopeless than it was before the commencement of the war.

Sardinia entered into the Western Alliance in pursuance of a bold and well-considered policy, and not without reason to hope that the continuance of the struggle might lead to some more equitable and convenient system of territorial adjustment. The union of Austria with the enemy would have at once given independence to Italy; and in the more probable contingency of a general European coalition against the Czar, it appears not impossible that a rearrangement of territory on the Danube might have purchased a relaxation of Austrian pressure on Lombardy. Russia had long stood behind the immediate oppressor as the eventual guarantee of despotism in Italy; and from 1848 the Court of Turin had endured every form of diplomatic contumely which Russian ingenuity could suggest. The early termination of the war has disappointed the hopes of Italian patriots; but Sardinia has earned a right to the good offices of England and France, and at the same time has exhibited the efficiency of her military organization. The servile press of the Continent may calumniate the representatives of the nation at Turin; but even the most insolent detractor will scarcely treat as an anarchical rabble the army which is now commanded by General LA MARMORA.

The form in which the assembled plenipotentiaries may

have taken Count CAVOUR's remonstrance into consideration was probably more consistent with diplomatic tradition than with the generous indignation of mankind. The tyranny and folly of despotic Governments is never censured by modern statesmen, except on the ground of the resistance which it may tend to provoke; for there is a vague notion that successful rebellion would be an evil, although it might substitute order and liberty for the bastinado and for the dungeons of Naples. Kings are never advised to be lenient for the sake of their subjects, but only as a precaution against that retaliation which, to some, would seem the most desirable of all possible results. Yet, even through the hazy phrases of diplomacy, it is something to procure a hearing for the exposure of an intolerable scandal. The law of non-intervention has been found compatible with the Russian invasion of Hungary, with the French intervention at Rome, with the presence of Austrian troops to trample out resistance in the Legations, in Tuscany, and in Parma; and it is only when the rights of happiness of nations are to be defended that the restraints of international law suddenly become invincible. England and France will, however, have created a valuable precedent if they intimate to crowned delinquents that there is a point at which even Christian tyranny may be found intolerable. A formal demand for the withdrawal of foreign coercion from Italy may become practicable when dynastic interests are no longer thought to require the presence of a French garrison at Rome: and it may surely be hoped that the electioneering manœuvre originally devised by the Republican CAVIGNAC, can no longer be necessary for the safety of the Imperial throne.

The sufferings of Italy are not to be confounded with the grievance which is involved in the mere absence of constitutional Government. The dogmatic cant which asserts that Italians are not fit for liberty might be admitted without prejudice to the complaints which they have a right to urge; for educated and well-conducted men must at least be fit to live in peace without the supervision of spies, and without liability to be imprisoned and beaten at the pleasure of the police. The Governments, from time to time, fail to suppress the ravages of the banditti; but they always succeed in keeping the upper and middle classes in a state of terror, and in demoralizing the mass of the population. The feelings of the Italians themselves may be inferred from the military force which is necessary to secure their obedience; for it must be remembered that, beyond the limits of Piedmont, not a single soldier is now maintained in the Peninsula, except for the purpose of suppressing resistance to authority. The King of NAPLES keeps sixty thousand men in arms as the virtual guards of his prisons; for, since he was chased by GARIBALDI across the Pontine Marshes, he has never had an external enemy to oppose. The misgovernment of Rome is guaranteed by the presence of a few French regiments; and Tuscany was for several years occupied by an Austrian army under the pretext that the reigning Prince was by descent an Austrian Archduke. A similar reason would justify the occupation of Hanover by an English force; but the plea is at all events insufficient to explain the claim of the Government of Vienna to take the place of the BOURBON offshoot at Parma. Idle threats are from time to time uttered, that, in default of a beneficial intervention, the people of Italy will take their remedy into their own hands, and it is not impossible that Naples and Sicily might once more frighten their tyrant to his knees; but Rome can make no movement against the vanguard of the irresistible French army, and Austria is ready to suppress all resistance in the north and in the centre of the Peninsula. Even Sardinia, the sword and the hope of Italy, is powerless to move without the consent of France, and in opposition to the overwhelming force of Austria.

For the present, England singly can do nothing; but it is satisfactory to know that the national feeling in favour of Italy, and especially of Piedmont, is all but unanimous. Only four or five years have passed since the most powerful of English journals devoted its energies to calumniating Italian patriots, and to defending all the atrocities perpetrated by the Government of Naples. Much adulation has lately been heaped upon a Correspondent of the *Times*, and it is not necessary to question his merits; but from 1848 to 1850, another Correspondent of the same journal exercised not less influence over English opinion. Mr. HONAN, who afterwards published some personal Memoirs was in the first instance a supporter of CHARLES ALBERT's policy, and accompanied his army during its advance through Lombardy; and at a later period, he made advances to a deputation who were on their way to Turin

for the purpose of offering the Sicilian Crown to the Duke of GENOA. When, however, his overtures were imprudently rejected, the Correspondent at once threw the influence of the journal which he represented into the opposite scale; and from that time forward, his libels on the Roman Government, and on the gallant Lombard volunteers who shared in the defence of the city against the French, were virulent and unceasing. His services to the Court of Naples were such that, by an almost unprecedented favour, his son received a post in the diplomatic service of the Crown; nor was the price too high for a series of articles in the *Times*, composed under the immediate instructions of the Neapolitan Ministry. When Mr. GLADSTONE published his celebrated exposure of the atrocities which he had witnessed, the great organ of public opinion intimated that he had been misled by inexperience and enthusiasm. Mr. HONAN's return to Naples, which was occasioned by a special summons from the KING, was formally announced as the result of instructions issued to the Correspondent; and finally, the official defence of the inculpated Government appeared in the columns of the *Times* before it was published at Naples. These circumstances may possibly have been imperfectly known to the conductors of the journal, but they were notorious among native and foreign residents on the spot; and it is difficult to say how far our *Contemporary's* misrepresentation of English opinion may have tended to defeat Mr. GLADSTONE's efforts, and to consolidate the system of oppression which has ever since prevailed.

The feelings of England in favour of Italy are not only sincere, but disinterested; for this country has nothing to fear from the influence which MAZZINI or his successors may found on the misgovernment of legitimate Sovereigns. Austria and Naples have done their utmost to eliminate all the gradations which lie between despotism and popular anarchy, and it is owing to the prudent and vigorous policy of Piedmont that there is still an Italian party of order to stand between the oppressors and the oppressed. The increase of reputation which the Government of Turin has derived from its share in the recent war is the common property of every patriot from the Alps to the southern coast of Sicily.

SILLY BILLY.

THE title of her Majesty Queen VICTORIA to the throne of these realms has never been wholly without gain-sayers. Till within the last four or five years, there were always two good-looking Highland gentlemen located on the northern coast of Scotland, who told a story about themselves which bore a very remarkable resemblance to the plot of that romance of the kitchen, the *Children of the Abbey*. The grandsons of the last Pretender, they had, for grave reasons of state, been brought up in the strictest privacy; and, as they laboured under a strong persuasion that the princes of the House of STUART had been characterized by a fondness for deer-stalking and a dislike of inexpressibles, they passed their time in the indulgence of these hereditary tastes, and calmly awaited the triumph of the good cause. But confidence in one's own ancestral right—which is said to amount to a passion where it exists—appears to have been exceptionally weak in Prince CHARLES and Prince JOHN SOBIESKI STUART. It seems to have been “snuffed out by an article” in the *Quarterly Review*, which more than insinuated that the royal brothers had been apprentices in a draper's shop in Edinburgh, and had had their imaginations set on fire by perpetually selling tartan to cockney tourists. At all events, they have departed from our ungrateful shores, and the last thing we heard of them was that the late Prince SCHWARTZENBURG, when at the height of his animosity against England, had been showing them ostentatious civilities during their residence at Prague.

The Crown is now claimed again, and this time by no brainsick shop-boy, but by a real man of business. The new aspirant is an American, and has clearly cut his eye-teeth. The way to place a great cause on its legs in the United States, is to set up a newspaper; and accordingly the *Guardian*, a “tri-weekly Loco-foco journal,” has been started in New York, to advocate the right of another last scion of the STUARTS to the throne of Great Britain. No. 2 contains an address to the people of England, signed “WILLIAM III. (de jure).” His Majesty is far from explicit on the evidence of his claims, and on the reasons why they have been so long dormant; but these points are to be decided hereafter. First, he tells us to “organize, not hastily but wisely.” We are to get together a “force of 480,000 men, with a series of equal

reserves and reproductions.” All persons desirous of enlisting are to apply by letter to SAMUEL H. WALDO, 16, Warren-street, New York, or to JAMES T. BRADY, 10, Wall-street, ditto. As soon as the army is ready, the “legal representative of our ancient sovereigns will be with us,” and immediately afterwards he will abolish the National Debt, and proclaim Triennial Parliaments. “People of the British nation,” the King proceeds, “while addressing you under an imperative sense of duty, while claiming the right to demand your allegiance and direct your movements, I pledge you, *on the honour of an American gentleman*, and in the faith of a long line of royal ancestry, that whenever your rights shall be obtained, and you shall be placed in possession of a triennial Parliament, *it will be my happiness then to submit the right to the British Crown for adjudication.*” Considering that his Majesty proposes to make us a present of Repudiation, it is perhaps reasonable that he should appeal rather to American than to English honour. It is obvious, too, that his policy is founded on the example of the State of Mississippi. First he is to obtain what he wants, and then he will submit the question whether he ought to have obtained it to adjudication? And, like his model, he doesn't in the least conceal his intention that the adjudication shall have but one result. “Whenever,” he says, “that right shall have been adjudicated, under a condition of things thus healthily established, it shall ever be my duty to interpose, by *sword and body*, between that right so adjudicated and every assailant. Light and intelligence shall be thrown broadcast over the British earth. The people will rise happy and disenthralled, not in dreams of modern experiment, but in clear and open visions of permanent security. The ancient dynasty will be supported by the highest intelligence of the nobility, and sustained by the warm hearts and ready hands of a Christian and Conservative world.”

It was naturally enough conceived in England that the descendants of JAMES II. had not increased their capacity for directing a free government by their prolonged residence in despotic Courts. Since they emigrated to America, however, they do not seem to have learned much by association with a democracy. WILLIAM III. (de jure) informs us that there is “not an Act in the Statute-books of our country, placed there since the expulsion of JAMES II., which has any legal or moral existence until it shall receive the sanction of the hereditary line of Sovereigns.” In his views, therefore, of the prerogative, his Majesty is still a STUART and an Englishman; and it is chiefly in the style and manner of his writing that we trace the Americanization he has undergone. This has evidently proceeded far enough to be an important obstacle to his success. In presenting himself to us as an “American Gentleman,” writing very American English, the King over the Water places his claims in a very unromantic aspect. It is all very well to remind one that “Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier;” but when you have to change “Charlie” into “Billy,” and “Chevalier” into “Loco-foco,” the reflection loses much of its attractiveness. “Geordie sits in Charlie's chair” would have to undergo a similar transmutation; and besides, it is an uncomfortable thought that, if the rightful occupant were restored to his chair, he would probably rest his feet on the chimney-piece. “There's a bonnie wee flower in a far countrie,” becomes, no doubt, literally true as regards the last part of the line, but the first involves rather a hazardous metaphor when applied to an American gentleman resident in a New York hotel. Nor would it be pleasant to be under the necessity of translating all our well-known Jacobite watchwords into the party phraseology of the States. Is the “Good Cause” to become the “Good Platform?” Is a “Hanoverian Parliament” to be turned into a “Bogus Legislature?” Are we all to go voting on the *jus divinum* ticket? The excitement, too, of a trip to St. Germaine will hardly be rivalled by the interest of an expedition across the Atlantic to communicate with SAMUEL L. WALDO, 16, Warren-street, New York, or JAMES T. BRADY, 10, Wall-street, ditto. By the bye, which is which? Which is the Pretender, and which is Lord LEWIS? Surely there is some significance in the name, SAMUEL L. WALDO, 16, Warren-street. It looks as if it were compounded from the appellations of the late Colonel SIBTHORPE and of a distinguished living novelist.

Our respected contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser*, to whom we are indebted for calling our attention to this great political and dynastic event, is, on the whole, of opinion that, in spite of his fair promises, King WILLIAM III. (de jure) should not be allowed to set foot on our shores. Our own emotions on the subject are confined to sympathy with

the perplexity which this apparition of an heir to the STUARTS must occasion to the Right Honourable Gentleman, the Leader of the Opposition. The danger of the rebound of an unconscientious theory has never been more strikingly exemplified. Nearly thirty years have passed since Mr. DISRAELI started in life as a democratic Tory of the BOLINGBROKE school; and about ten years ago, in a series of works, he proclaimed that the misfortunes of England dated from the accession of the Prince of ORANGE, bringing with it a Venetian oligarchy and Dutch finance. Subsequently, he has risen to eminence by clinging to the skirts of a descendant of the favourite of WILLIAM III. (*de facto*)—he has himself condescended to lead a Venetian oligarchy, and has himself administered Dutch finance. And now, just when he might have fairly persuaded himself that the STUARTS were as dead as the Corn-Laws, and the National Debt as much a *fait accompli* as Free-Trade, comes this gentleman from the other side of the Atlantic, claiming his allegiance, and perversely, but exactly, realizing his ideal. Here he is—the real Patriot King—the monarch who loves Peace, People, and Prerogative—the true mixture of despotism with demagogic, or of demagogic with despotism. He is to repeal the Septennial Act—he is to expunge the National Debt—he writes with alliteration and capital letters, just like BOLINGBROKE, the author of *Coningsby*, and the contributors to the *Press*. And who knows that the coincidence is accidental? We implore the *Morning Advertiser*, so great at the detection of Plots, to keep its eye on this. Surely there is but one man in the world who could have supposed the English nation capable of being tempted by these baits. Surely there is but one set of writers who could have spoken of a people “rising disenthralled, not in dreams of modern experiment, but, &c. or of a dynasty “sustained by the warm hearts and ready hands of a Christian and Conservative world.”

THE EDUCATION DIFFICULTY.

THE smallest of all the difficulties which beset the question of national Education is that which must, it is supposed, necessarily arise in the actual process of teaching. A sensible instructor will never be seriously embarrassed, within the walls of his own school-room, by the fact that his pupils may belong to different sectarian denominations. The Bishop of MANCHESTER, whose authority was quoted by Mr. MILNES in the recent debate, conducted at Birmingham, with facility and success, a great school which was open to the children of Churchmen, of Dissenters, and of Jews; and any parish schoolmaster might perform the same achievement if his authority and position were equally recognised by all classes and sects within his locality. The intermixture of theological controversies with the ordinary course of education can only be effected by the exercise of a perverted ingenuity; for neither simple religious forms—with exceptions, if necessary, in the case of Non-conformists—nor religious teaching judiciously adapted to children, would, in the absence of external agitation, alarm the most scrupulous conscience. The object which Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON have proposed to themselves is not, therefore, abstractedly impossible. If funds were provided, and if schools were universally established and frequented, the youthful population would assuredly receive a certain amount of instruction; and notwithstanding modern refinements and distinctions, there is much to be said for the inculcation of knowledge as a principal element in education. It is evident that the mountain has a summit; but the difficulty consists in crossing the glaciers, and in climbing the precipices. Hitherto, however, little assistance has been derived from the guides who have volunteered to point out the way.

Among statesmen, and more especially among Parliamentary leaders, success is the best test of merit. Any man can propound just or plausible sentiments; but, except in rare instances, there is no use in urging upon the House of Commons opinions and proposals which are certain to be rejected. An ex-Premier ought to have higher objects in view than the exhibition of his own abilities, and of his philanthropic disposition; and Lord JOHN RUSSELL's ostentatious Resolutions can receive no severer condemnation than the vote by which the tame and unmeaning residuum to which they were pared down was contumeliously rejected. The members of the Government, with one or two exceptions, gave a formal and decorous support to their ancient colleague; but even the harmless proposition that the Minutes of Council ought to be extended,

had become obnoxious, in consequence of the want of judgment displayed by the mover. The result is, that the opponents of Parliamentary interference are, for the time, effectually secured against any legislative efforts in support of education. Two or three days ago, Lord PALMERSTON announced that the Bill for appointing a Vice-President of the Council would be postponed to the ordinary business of supply; and it may well be doubted whether the House of Commons will sanction the appointment of a new functionary to discharge duties which have just been voted unnecessary. Not long since, it was thought that Lord JOHN RUSSELL himself desired, under a more ambitious title, to carry out the measure which he hoped to inaugurate; but it will be time enough to create a Minister of Education when Parliament has provided work for his department. The Committee of Privy Council may, for the present, continue to administer the grant appropriated to the aid of schools.

Although the Resolutions were framed in such a manner as to invite hostility from the greatest possible number of antagonists, the only serious proposition which they involved consisted in the introduction of a compulsory school rate. In favour of this scheme, numerous truisms and fallacies might be put forward. It has been said a thousand times that it is better to pay for schoolmasters to keep boys out of crime than for policemen to apprehend them, or for gaols to punish them; and it may be admitted that the education of the young at the expense of the public becomes a duty, if only it is ascertained to be possible. Although, however, for the philanthropic and rhetorical school of politicians, the antithesis between schools and prisons is satisfactory and conclusive, statesmen always suspect that a demonstration has some weak point, when it is contradicted by experience. The whole community admits the necessity of supporting Government prisons, while three-fourths of the public regard Government schools with abhorrence. A rate is, no doubt, far preferable to voluntary subscriptions, when all the contributors are satisfied that the proposed expenditure is justifiable and necessary; but a local impost, applied to purposes which are the subject of universal controversy, necessarily embitters the disputes which it is intended to supersede. There is a material distinction in this respect between rates and Parliamentary taxes. The contributor to a poor rate or to a highway rate is supposed to be providing, in the most convenient manner, for a want common to himself and to his neighbours; and it is on this ground that Dissenters, who have ceased to require the maintenance of churches, have invented the doctrine of conscientious objections. Scruples as to the payment of income tax are generally founded on arguments more purely economical. There is a great difference between a payment which helps the Privy Council to promote what is called error at the other end of the kingdom, and a rate for the establishment of a heterodox school in the same parish; for in the latter case, the assessment is so far from meeting the wants or wishes of the tax-payer that he would willingly make a still larger contribution for the purpose of preventing the establishment of the obnoxious institution. It was urged in the late debate by Lord JOHN RUSSELL's opponents, that the success of his measure would put an end to voluntary efforts in furtherance of education; and it might also have been remarked that the unpopularity of the proposed school-rate was not unlikely to extend to the grant now allotted to the Privy Council. By a judicious use of existing materials, the State has been enabled to interfere, with great advantage, in the management of numerous schools, but the recent discussion shows the danger of exciting too strongly the jealousy of the Voluntary party.

It is not surprising that the debate and division have caused considerable irritation. The statistics adduced on both sides are questionable in authority, and ambiguous in tendency. The allegation that the lower class of thieves are for the most part illiterate, proves little as to the general condition of the community. Whatever may be the moral effect of the limited amount of knowledge acquired in parish schools the social distinction which it creates is undeniable; and the totally uneducated minority of the population forms the Helot class that supplies the lower ranks of the criminal profession. Forgery, swindling on a large scale, and scientific poisoning, are certainly not to be remedied by any school-rate; nor can it be said that Mr. SADLEIR and Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL were not sufficiently well educated. It is, in fact, equally absurd to attribute crime exclusively to ignorance, and to affirm that knowledge is, of itself, rather an evil than a good. Those who are well taught are relieved from many

temptations to commit crime, and they are provided with additional moral safeguards in the cultivation of their intelligence and self-respect. If, however, they devote themselves to fraud or violence, their delinquencies naturally assume larger proportions than those of the ignorant. Fortunately, the non-criminal part of the community forms the large majority of the population; and there are reasons enough for sending children to school, in addition to the partial security which education may afford against their being afterwards sent to prison.

On the other hand, there is reason to fear that the advocates of the voluntary system may, in many instances, have boasted too loudly of their success. Not a few of the schools which figure in statistical tables are conducted on the narrowest principles, under the direction of persons who are themselves wholly ignorant of the true meaning of education. There has been progress, and there is good ground to hope for still further progress; but the improved system promoted by the Privy Council and its Inspectors is as yet confined to a small portion of the country. In a vast number of rural parishes, the very maintenance of the school depends on the exertions of one or two individuals, who may themselves be altogether unable to direct the efforts of an illiterate schoolmaster. Experience has not shown that the payment of a voluntary subscription implies either an enthusiastic or an enlightened zeal for education; nor must it be forgotten that the most beneficial change which has taken place in recent times consists in the extension of official interference. It was reasonable that the Parliamentary opponents of a compulsory system of rating should make the most of the results which have already been achieved; but the question for the House to determine was not whether improvement was desirable or conceivable, but whether the country was so far prepared for a change as to justify the legislature in introducing it.

Mr. WARREN received some applause for his well-meant declaration that something ought to be done. It would have been more correct to assert that something might easily be said. What is done is necessarily special and definite, particularly when it consists in the imposition of a rate. The most sagacious politicians saw from the first that Lord JOHN RUSSELL had made a mistake, but it could scarcely have been foreseen that he would do so much as he has actually effected to throw back the movement which he desired to promote. The premature exhibition of the numerical weakness of his supporters has unnecessarily and mischievously diminished their influence; for until they were outvoted by so overwhelming a majority, their supposed strength might have given weight to their opinions. The general belief that the ex-Minister hoped to recover his lost power by means of an Education Bill, deceived many persons as to the popularity of the measure; but the opponents of Government interference have now discovered their force, and they will be encouraged in their future resistance to legislation. It is time for statesmen to learn that they only incur discredit by proposing measures which they are unable to carry. The great and well deserved fame of Sir ROBERT PEEL was in a great degree founded on the tact with which he selected the opportunity for legislation, and on the firmness with which he supported the plans which he had brought forward. His rivals and successors have too often thought it sufficient to propound liberal or plausible measures, while they have been contented to leave to Parliament the responsibility of rejecting them.

THINKING GOVERNMENT.

WHAT mankind really wish to economize is thought. Admirable speculators publish beautiful eulogiums on the employment of the faculties, and the universal creed is, that the exertion of the reason is the highest and truest of human enjoyments; yet if a steady observer really looks at actual life, he will see that men never think if they can help it—that they require to be goaded towards it—that they invent devices to avoid it—that, however greedy of enjoyment in other ways, they decline, if possible, to enjoy themselves in this.

One of these devices is, activity. People rush to and fro. They are never still. They go to eight committees in a day, taking care to be pretty late at each—they look at their watches the moment they get there—they spurt out rapid errors. If you suggest a little reflection before doing anything, they say, "Don't bother about that *now*," and when all has gone wrong, "They have the ready plea, 'I was so occupied, I could not give it

a thought.' In their own circles, such men are always considered wonderful men of business. It is natural their wives and families should believe in them; for they spend so much toil and trouble, they make everybody so uncomfortable, in order to boil a pea, that those who know no better of course suppose that the pea is boiled. Nevertheless it is not—this impetuous activity is content with the boiling apparatus, and does not regard the useful result. It is among our middle classes, who are often held up as the sole models of men of action, that this kind of error is most rife. Place an active, uneducated man in miscellaneous affairs, and it is nearly certain that he will commit this mistake. He will begin to *do* something—he will state that he is a "practical man"—it will never strike him that there is an essential preliminary to wise exertion. His mind has not been trained to observe the varied relations of complicated phenomena, or to unravel the knotty thread of tangled topics; and so he will be apt to work ten hours a-day at what it is scarcely necessary to do at all. He will leave undone the one little, essential, difficult matter—the point of *judgment*—on which alone it was necessary to act or to decide. We do not say that the middle classes manage their own affairs on this principle, though there is a great deal more of it, even in them, than a charitable philosopher would be ready to suspect. Still they have habit, and bringing up, and arithmetic to control them. The ledger guides the mind—the sense of responsibility, of actual definite money-loss, represses undue activity, and compels men to a certain discretion. But if such persons—and they are exactly those whom a Government, if compelled to select, would, from their conspicuousness, choose as the representative men of the middle classes—were placed among great national affairs, and not paid a per-cent on those affairs, but an inevitable salary from the indestructible taxation, they would act as *very* busy Members of Parliament now act. They would run quickly from committee to committee, and make a tour of great questions.

In our administrative departments, happily, this state of things does not prevail. A certain aristocratic *laissez aller* rather pervades them. In a public office, it would be indecorous to rush like a mighty wind. Yet it would be a great error to imagine that, in so large a department of human life, no expedient to economise thought and to dispense, *pro tanto*, with the pain of reflection, had been discovered and adopted. That resource is what are called business habits. There is such a thing as the pomp of order. In every public office there is a grave official personage, who is always neat, whose papers are always filed, whose handwriting is always regular, who is considered a monster of experience, who can minute any proceeding, and docket any document. There is no finer or more saving investment of exertion than the formation of such habits. Under their safeguard, you may omit anything, and commit every blunder. The English people never expect any one to be original. If it can be said, "The gentleman whose conduct is so harshly impugned is a man of long experience, who is not wont to act hastily—who is remarkable for official precision—in whom many Secretaries of State have placed much reliance," that will do; and it will not be too anxiously inquired what such a man has done. The immense probability is that he has done nothing. He is well aware that, so long as he can say anything is "under consideration," he is safe—and so long as he is safe, he is happy. His education, too, has not fitted him for much exertion. He entered the office young—he copied letters for five years—he made an index of papers for nine months—he made analyses of documents for five years more. When he commenced at last to transact business, it was of a strictly formal character; and he was upwards of twenty years in the public service before he ever decided on anything of essential importance. No wonder that he is unwilling to decide anything—that he refers everything—that he corresponds in his best handwriting with another public office—that, when you want him, you find him entering a minute, "That after mature deliberation, my Lords have postponed the consideration of what has taken place." In actual life, it is really very difficult not to over-estimate the usefulness of such a man. His appearance is so regular—his habits so precise—he has such a command of the instruments of utility—that it is difficult to imagine he does nothing. Only after considerable observation can it be learnt that it is this very command over the forms of action which enables him safely to neglect its essence—that it is his very familiarity with the rules of experience that enables him to apply them mechanically to instances to which they have only an outward refer-

ence and no real applicability. It is odd how some of the most gifted of our Administrative Reformers mistake the true point. The honourable member for Tynemouth, for example, who is a man of business, brought a great charge against the Admiralty that they did not keep the accounts duly and precisely. Of course Sir JAMES GRAHAM had no difficulty in showing that the figures were excellently summed, that the ledger was for ever posted, that all the entries were made most legibly and with extreme care. The more plausible charge would have been precisely the contrary; for it is the tendency of official men to regard what goes on within the office as always more important than what takes place without it. The more probable assumption would have been, that the entries were most correct, but that the transactions were wrong—that the book-keeping was admirable, but the affairs recorded feeble and insufficient. Arithmetic is, indeed, one of the established devices of the pseudo-official mind. When he is much pressed, he commonly adds up something. The mechanical nature of the operation rather suits him—he does it quite right—and his notion of figures rather resembles that of a celebrated actuary, whose wife observed, “Isn’t it very odd that the Government could send out things three thousand miles, and that FIDLER could not get them up six,” and who replied, “My dear, how you talk, consider the figures, it was only an error of one-fifth per cent.” Very many sums are commonly done, and publicly quoted, which have no more real relation to the subject-matter than that of this gifted gentleman.

Our constitution presents us with yet another contrast to that simple and patient reflection which would naturally seem to be the habit of mind fitted for the judicious conduct of political affairs. All politicians are required to have all opinions. A voting acquaintance with all topics is required from every member of Parliament. From those in high place much more is exacted—they are required to have a ready, producible, defensible view of all great questions. Mr. MAULAY, who has been placed in a position to observe, tells us that, in his judgment, the effects of this are the most serious set-off to the advantages of free government. The habit of debating, and the necessity of making a speech, compel the finest intellects in the country to put forward daily arguments such as no man of sense would think of putting into a scientific treatise. He might have gone further, and said that the habit of always advancing a view commonly destroys the capacity for holding a view. The laxity of principle imputed to old politicians is, by the time they are old, as much intellectual as moral. They have argued on all sides of everything, till they can believe on no side of anything. A characteristic of the same sort has been observed in journalism. One of our most-celebrated contemporaries was asked his opinion on ten great subjects in succession, and on its appearing that he had no opinion, he said, apologetically, “You see, Ma’am, I have written for the *Times*.”

We are well aware that something of this kind is inevitable. We do not expect from a professional politician the elaborate consideration of a closet philosopher—their ends are different, and their responsibilities are different. We do not wish to abolish official form, and to abandon the most delicate of practical matters to the sudden rash of the uncultivated mind. We admit—if need were, we would maintain—that there are many settled habits—that there is a certain exterior show and seeming—the possession of which is, in this world, a necessary preliminary to important employment. People will not trust you to act well unless you seem to be a person who would act well. Nor do we forget that business is an affair of body as well as of mind. In our objection to a precipitate and unthinking strength, we have no desire to reduce the public service to a sole dependence on feeble thought—on pale and inexecutive ability. We would only stipulate that, previously to all action, in the midst of the correct forms, and without respect to the exigencies of debate, our public men should find room for some painful thought—should give themselves at least a reasonable time for patient and anxious reflection.

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT QUESTION.

MR. BAILLIE has considerably postponed his motion of censure upon the Government for its conduct with reference to the enlistment of Foreigners, until the publication of the papers which will furnish materials for a decision on the subject. The mover himself requires no further information. He has read German and American newspapers, and the speeches of senators at Washington—he knows that Mr.

CUSHING has instituted several prosecutions, and has published some insolent circulars to his subordinates—and if he is also aware that Lord CLARENDON has formally denied the most serious charges which have been brought against the British Government, the word of an English Minister is not to be weighed against the irresponsible assertions of foreign agitators and demagogues. It must be satisfactory to Mr. BAILLIE to reflect that he gains rather than loses by the adjournment of the discussion. It is possible that, in the debate which he has challenged, his statements and assumptions may be disproved; but a notice of motion admits of no contradiction. The servile press of the Continent, and the anti-English press of America, can already quote the admission made by a member of the English Parliament, that the imputations which they have thrown out at random are really founded in truth and justice. An additional difficulty is thus placed in the way of negotiation with the United States, and it is only to be regretted that the motion has been too late to weaken the hands of the British Plenipotentiaries at Paris. In audacity of assertion, in slanderous insinuation, and in vagueness of expression, Mr. BAILLIE’s notice may vie with the most malignant attacks upon England which have been made at Washington, at Paris, or at Berlin. The House of Commons is asked to adopt the statement, “that the course taken by the Ministers of the Crown in the employment of agents to enlist the citizens of foreign States into the armies of her MAJESTY, in defiance of the laws of those countries, and in spite of public remonstrances, is inconsistent with the good faith and friendly conduct which ought to characterize all our relations with allied States, and has tended to lower the dignity, to endanger the peace, and to compromise the honour of the nation.” It is assumed, not only that foreigners have been enlisted without the consent of their respective Governments, but that the laws of the States to which they belong have been violated, and that public remonstrances have been made and disregarded. The inference, that the Ministers who have committed these acts have injured the interests and reputation of the country, although advanced as the principal proposition, is, in truth, a mere corollary to the recitals by which it is introduced.

The justification of the Government in the enlistment of foreigners consists in the Foreign Enlistment Act. Mr. BAILLIE and other sympathisers with the cause of the enemy, together with many honest and zealous advocates of the war, had the opportunity, when the Bill was before Parliament, of opposing a measure which, whether justifiable or mistaken, was at least unavoidably unpopular. After full discussion in both Houses, it was passed, and the Government for the time being was bound to carry out a measure which had been deliberately sanctioned by the Legislature. Of course no Act of Parliament could justify an encroachment on the rights of foreign nations, or a wilful breach of their laws; but the “employment of agents to enlist the citizens (subjects) of foreign States” was the plain duty of the Ministers who are now threatened with a formal vote of censure. It will be well to require from Mr. BAILLIE a definition of the charge which he really intends to urge. The phrases about “defiance of laws” and “public remonstrances” might be omitted from the resolution without affecting its grammatical construction; and, in fact, the only tangible accusation against the Government is contained in a parenthetical episode. It will further be desirable to specify the instances in which laws have been broken, and official remonstrances disregarded. The mover probably intends to find fault with every attempt which has been made to enlist soldiers beyond the limits of the United Kingdom; yet Switzerland has welcomed the profitable demand for recruits, while Piedmont has furnished stations, quarters, and shipping-places for the Italian legion. Denmark has perhaps not unwillingly seen the employment in distant lands of the gallant soldiers who so nearly succeeded in reuniting Schleswig and Holstein with Germany. In a single instance, the Prussian Government prosecuted a subject of its own, who, as English Vice-Consul, was thought to have violated the law by facilitating enlistments at Cologne; but no public remonstrance against the proceedings of the English Government has at any time been made by any State in Europe. Mr. BAILLIE’s indignation against his own country induces him to falsify the facts on which his virtuous wrath is ostensibly founded.

The use of the exceptional word *citizens* seems to show that Mr. BAILLIE’s imputations are really directed against the proceedings of the English Government in Canada and the neighbouring provinces; for, with the exception of the

willing Swiss, there are no *citizens* in Europe to be tampered with. It may be added that at present no practical mischief is likely to arise from a factious appeal to Continental jealousies. A diplomatic error in relation to America, however, might lead to national disaster or humiliation; and Mr. BAILLIE therefore gladly turns to the topic which has given occasion to so many warlike professions on the other side of the Atlantic. But in this instance indignant virtue has once more hurried beyond the facts of the case. Numerous foreign subjects were enlisted in Europe, although not in defiance of public or private remonstrances; but not a single invitation was ever addressed to a citizen of the United States. The English agents were directed to confine their efforts to the recruitment of new settlers—many of them subjects of the British Crown, and the rest immigrant Germans. They were also cautioned, in the strongest language, to avoid a violation of those laws which, according to Mr. BAILLIE, were openly set at defiance; and as soon as a public remonstrance was made, the Government, although it maintained the legality of its proceedings, at once put an end to the recruiting establishment in Nova Scotia. The complaint of the Washington Cabinet, that subordinate officials afterwards continued their attempts at recruiting, whether true or false, falls far short of Mr. BAILLIE's calumnious accusation. The assumption that a statement openly denied by his own Government is notoriously true, would be discreditable to any Englishman; and the blind malignity which exaggerates the imputations thrown out by hostile foreigners is not calculated to win support from the House of Commons.

If a cordial supporter of the national policy had censured the mode in which it had been carried out, his objections would deserve serious consideration; but Mr. BAILLIE was the first member of Parliament who openly declared his opinion that Russia was justified in her conduct. Many individuals on both sides of the House were equally wanting in patriotic instinct, but none possessed the same cynical boldness. Even Mr. DISRAELI has confined to the columns of a newspaper his efforts to thwart the diplomacy of England, and to promote the interests of the enemy; but his more daring follower now calls upon the House of Commons to side with the American Cabinet against England. It is probable that the wanton self-abasement which Parliament is required to perform, might for a time propitiate the hostile party in the United States, although it would silence all the advocates of a pacific policy; but, as it is certain that the motion will be defeated, it can only serve to embitter the quarrel. The assertions of the minority will be treated as admissions of an unwelcome truth—the vote of the majority as an avowal of a determination to brazen out a wrongful act. The notice of motion will, perhaps, revive the memory of a dispute which is by this time almost forgotten in the United States; for it is on Kansas, and not on England, that the eyes of the American people are fixed, although some of their politicians have sedulously laboured to turn their attention abroad. Even the most factious proceedings in the Senate at Washington have an admixture of patriotism; and American citizens will find a difficulty in understanding the cosmopolitan liberality of a member of Parliament whose efforts are exclusively directed to the humiliation, through his Government, of the country to which he belongs. It is only to foreigners, whom they suppose to be their enemies, that the BAILLIES of Washington are calumnious and unjust.

THE APOLOGY OF THE PRESS.

AS we have undertaken to comment on the peculiarities of a modern journalism, it is hardly possible for us to pass without remark a very singular document which has been put forth by a weekly contemporary, in the form of an advertisement appended to the monthly periodicals. Whether the *Press* is not altogether satisfied with the public estimate of its value, or whether it has discovered that the line which it has adopted on the subject of the war requires some excuse and explanation, we do not pretend to determine; but it is certain that, for some reason or other, it has thought fit, through the medium of a puff which can scarcely be called oblique, to put forth a *pièce justificative* in the shape of a pamphlet of some sixteen pages. This apology, which almost reads as if it had come from the pen of VIVIAN GREY during his residence with the mediatised German Prince after the collapse of the *Carabas* party, is probably addressed rather to recusant subscribers than to expected converts. We almost wonder that it did not appear in the second column of

the *Times*, with the heading, "The Tory Party are earnestly requested to return to their disconsolate leader."

The sum total of this tract on the *Political History of the Past Three Years* may be epitomised in the short formula—"There is but one DISRAELI, and the *Press* is his prophet." We are not surprised that our contemporary should look back with satisfaction on a career which he is able to describe, with felicitous simplicity, as "having presented to the Conservative community, not the advocacy of a hired pen, but the views of a thoroughly Conservative principle, and the counsels of Disinterested Thought." There is a smack of Caucasian mystery about "Disinterested Thought"—the capitals are not ours—repudiating "a hired pen," which gracefully veils the nakedness of amateur journalism. Yet we cannot help thinking that, if the "Conservative Community" had been found to appreciate with becoming gratitude the repast thus prepared for it, we might have missed the *hors d'œuvre* which is presented to us in this singular tractate. It is notorious that the solitary exception which the *Press*, among English journals, presented throughout the past winter to the unanimity of public opinion, has excited a deep and widely-felt distrust in the ranks of the "Conservative Community" with respect to the source from which that organ is understood to derive its inspirations. On this side of the Channel, we have, fortunately, but one representative of the type of journalism which the disappointed factions of the Continent have created to serve their political purposes. It is in the name of the "Conservative Community" that the *Assemblée Nationale* has laboured for years to discredit the authority of a Government which it has failed to supplant; and it is with "the counsels of Disinterested Thought" that M. GUIZOT seeks to embarrass the policy of the country which he has ceased to govern.

If the *Press* is not actuated by similar motives to those which inspire the Opposition journals in France, it has at least been wonderfully successful in adopting their tone and imitating their tactics. It is all very well for the *Press* to plume itself on its sagacity in having predicted the Peace—such a prediction, made during a war, is one which is pretty certain, one day or other, to be fulfilled. If a man asserts every morning at breakfast that it will rain before night, he will probably be able, in due time, to publish "A Meteorological History of the Past Three Years," in which he will take credit for the numerous occasions on which the clouds have fallen in obedience to his solicitations. It would have been more to the purpose if our contemporary could have shown that the course adopted by him had any tendency to bring about the conclusion of a peace satisfactory to Europe and honourable to England. That the Treaty of the 30th of March will prove to be of this description, we willingly believe; but it is not the less certain that the tone adopted by the *Press* during the three months preceding the Conferences was just that which was most calculated to render the whole negotiation abortive. That journal, in common with the Russian organs on the Continent, predicted that peace would ensue on the fall of Sebastopol; and the prediction has been verified in fact, in spite of all their efforts to represent the triumph of the Allies in an aspect which would have made peace impossible. If the fall of Sebastopol rendered peace practicable, it was because it was a great and decisive proof that Russia was beaten in the struggle—not because, according to the theory of our contemporary, it relieved the Allies from a false position, and enabled them to escape the consequences of a fatal error. It is not true, as the *Press* endeavoured to persuade its readers, that the late war was undertaken solely for the purpose of securing the inviolability of the Danubian Principalities, and consequently, that the Allies committed an unpardonable blunder in embarking at Varna. Had their views been limited to the original diplomatic question between Turkey and Russia, the attack on Sebastopol would have been unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable; and that this was Mr. DISRAELI's idea of the matter no one can doubt who remembers the mysterious manner in which, in the debates of last year, he used to reiterate the phrase, "I reserve for a future time the question, why did you go to Sebastopol?" He then expected (we will not say hoped) that Sebastopol would not be taken; and he was preparing to console himself for the misfortune of the country by the thought of the political capital which it would supply to himself. Since the 8th of September, however, the question has not been repeated, either in the *Press* or in the House of Commons, and the "reserve" has been strictly maintained—perhaps because it would have been inconvenient to receive the reply, "We went to Sebastopol to take it."

The fall of Sebastopol rendered peace possible, and not improbable, because it settled the question of the relative strength of Russia and the Allies, and enabled them to dictate the terms of an arrangement. The first thing which was necessary in order to a pacification was, that the Czar should understand that further resistance was unavailing—that his resources were exhausted, while those of England and France were still unimpaired. Nothing short of such a conviction could have induced him to accede to the terms which alone the Allies could accept. It was at the moment when this result was attained that the *Press* commenced a series of articles which might have originated in the Camarilla of Berlin, or in the Faubourg of St. Germain. Their first object was, no doubt, to pave the way for an attack on the Government, which would, it was hoped, take a false step in the difficult and embarrassing situation which had arisen; but their natural tendency was to place fatal difficulties in the way of the result at which they professedly aimed. The course which the *Press* adopted was to reverse the relative situation of the belligerents—to represent peace as a necessity, not so much for Russia as for the Allies—to magnify the resources of the enemy, and to depreciate the forces of the Western Powers—to foster jealousies, and to exaggerate supposed differences of opinion between England and France. The war was denounced as revolutionary in its tendency—the policy of the Allies was represented as uncertain, and their unanimity as precarious—it was sought to make Europe believe that the struggle between the belligerents was a drawn game, and that the only safe course for the Allies would be to withdraw a juror. The *Kreuz Zeitung* itself could not have done the work of Russia more effectually; and had the Court of St. Petersburg been unwise enough to yield to the delusions which its adulators had prepared for it, it would inevitably have rejected the ultimatum presented by Count ESTERHAZY. Certainly, we have not to thank the *Press* that the Emperor of RUSSIA took a juster view of his own situation than his English courtier. ALEXANDER knew very well that the Austrian diplomatist was not come, as that journal represented, to sue for peace on behalf of the Allies, but that, like the Roman ambassador, he held the lots in his mantle, equally ready to give forth peace or war. We have got peace because we were prepared, both in act and in spirit, for war. If the "counsels of Disinterested Thought" had prevailed, Russia never would have acceded to any terms but such as it would have been dishonourable for us either to propose or to accept.

The war was mainly commenced in consequence of the ignorance of NICHOLAS as to the real temper and spirit of the British people. His son has shown himself wiser in his generation, and has not mistaken the whisper of a faction for the voice of English opinion. If he had believed that the *Press* represented the sentiments of the "Conservative Community" of this country, he would assuredly not have concluded peace on the terms dictated at Paris. Fortunately, however, he gave heed to the prevailing tone of the English journals rather than to the "counsels of Disinterested Thought," and he perceived that he had to do with a people who were determined to shrink from no effort, and to grudge no sacrifice. It is not too much to say that, if English journalism in the course of last winter had succeeded in elevating the public mind by adopting the course taken by the *Press*, we should either have been condemned to disgraceful peace, or involved in an interminable war. We have great cause to be thankful that our contemporary's power for mischief falls far short of his unpatriotic eagerness to sacrifice the great interests of the country for the purposes of personal faction. If the abject tone of the *Press* failed to encourage Russia to an obstinate resistance, and to dishearten England from persevering in the struggle, it is only because the "counsels of Disinterested Thought" fortunately failed to recommend themselves to the "Conservative Community." We greatly doubt whether the *Political History of the Last Three Years* will materially tend to abate the notorious distrust which is entertained by his party towards the individual whose pretensions that journal so injudiciously advances, and whose blunders it so unsuccessfully seeks to retrieve.

THE SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL.

IN the *Saturday Review* for April 12, some remarks appeared on the proposed changes in the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and it was stated, in illustration of an argument against the present tribunal, that in

one instance, Lord BROUGHAM, sitting alone, and having expressly declined to consult the Judges, had delivered a judgment which, two years later, was virtually reversed on the motion of Lord ST. LEONARDS. It has, however, been intimated to us that the accuracy of our assertion has been questioned, on the ground that Lord BROUGHAM's refusal to consult the Judges was solely founded on their absence on circuit, and also that the subsequent judgment of the House of Lords was not inconsistent with his own earlier decision. It is unnecessary to say that we had no intention of treating Lord BROUGHAM with disrespect; and it is due to his Lordship to state, in somewhat fuller detail, the particulars of the cases to which we referred. We must admit an oversight in having neglected to mention that, in UPFILL's case, Lord BROUGHAM expressly declined the assistance of the Lord Chancellor (TRURO) as well as the advice of the Judges. Lord COTTENHAM had irregularly, and without hearing the arguments, expressed an opinion which, as it went further than Lord BROUGHAM's, by no means strengthened the reasons on which the latter was based.

In the case of NORRIS v. COTTLE, which was heard together with that of HUTTON v. UPFILL, Lord BROUGHAM said:—"The course which I now propose to your Lordships to pursue is, not to call for the assistance of the learned Judges, for the reasons which I will shortly state to you." His lordship then proceeded to argue that the House had no authority to call for the assistance of the Judges in Chancery, and that, even if it were possible, two of their number "would not form a very satisfactory body of assessors, because one has decided one way, and another the other way." Vice-Chancellor KNIGHT-BRUCK, he added, was excluded by the circumstance that his own decision was the subject of appeal; and Vice-Chancellor WIGRAM would be unable to attend in consequence of indisposition. Lord BROUGHAM proceeded: "Then how stands the case as to the Judges of the Courts of Common Law? They are estopped in the same way." The Barons of the Exchequer had wavered. "The Court of Queen's Bench is said to have adopted every title of the argument in the judgment in Banco of the Court of Exchequer. In another of the cases cited before us, the Court of Common Pleas is involved, so that, taking all these together, I hardly ever knew a case in which the assistance of the learned Judges as assessors to this House would be less fruitful than in the case before your Lordships—for which reason I am clearly of opinion that the more useful course for the House to take will be to deal with the case without that assistance. That being the case, I have no hesitation in advising your Lordships not to call for the assistance of those learned Judges, unless anything shall occur in the course of the argument upon the next case to alter the opinion which I now entertain."—2 *House of Lords Cases*, 663.

On the hearing of the cause of HUTTON v. UPFILL, the counsel for the respondent applied to Lord BROUGHAM to request the LORD CHANCELLOR to attend. His Lordship replied that the LORD CHANCELLOR had just taken his seat in the Court of Chancery, and was not yet much conversant with those cases. "It was not proper that a suitor here should solicit the attendance of any peer." Lord BROUGHAM afterwards delivered a judgment to the effect that a Provisional Committeeman who has accepted shares in a projected Company becomes thereby a contributory under the Winding-up Acts.—2 *House of Lords Cases*, 674. (August 9, 1850.)

Two years later, the House of Lords, consisting of Lord ST. LEONARDS, Lord CAMPBELL, Lord CRANWORTH, and Lord BROUGHAM, after taking the opinion of the Judges, delivered, in the case of BRIGHT v. HULTON, the judgment which now constitutes the law on the subject. It was decided that a provisional committeeman who has accepted shares in a projected company does not thereby become liable as a contributory under the Winding-up Acts.—3 *House of Lords Cases*, 341. The Reporter adds a query, whether the House of Lords may, like any other Court of Justice, overrule a previous decision of its own. It is certain that in this instance, the power was exercised; and it was expressly claimed by the LORD CHANCELLOR (Lord ST. LEONARDS) in his judgment, with a direct reference to UPFILL's case. Lord BROUGHAM concurred in the decision. Lord CAMPBELL tried to explain away UPFILL's case; and Lord CRANWORTH overruled it on the ground that Lord BROUGHAM's obvious meaning "could never have been the meaning of this House." In conclusion, it is sufficient to state that, since BRIGHT v. HULTON, no Court of Justice has ever heard UPFILL's case quoted as an authority.





THE SUNDAY PAPERS.

IF the circulation of a newspaper, and the proportion which it bears to the whole extent of the intellectual interests of its readers, afford the true test of its importance, the Sunday papers are almost, if not quite, our most important journals. To a man who labours habitually with his head, Sunday is especially grateful as a day of mental rest. To sit with his family, to take a walk out of London—in some way or other to relieve the strain which has been applied all through the week to his nerves and to his brain—is one, at any rate, of the principal enjoyments which Sunday affords to people engaged in public or professional life. To labouring men an entirely different kind of relaxation is equally indispensable. A man who has passed six days in the week in carting parcels from one railway station to another, in unloading ships, in watching the wheels of a machine, or in any other mechanical occupation, finds far more relief on the seventh day in some kind of occupation which engages organs almost dormant during the rest of his life, than in anything which adds still more to the fatigue of muscles and sinews already overwrought. Go to Kew Gardens, to Richmond Park, to Wimbledon Common on a Sunday, and you will hardly fail to meet a certain number of gentlemen enjoying the fresh turf and fresh air on horseback or on foot; but if you look for the labouring population, you will find them smoking, talking, or reading the newspapers in tea-gardens or public-houses. It is the object of the Sunday papers to afford occupation and amusement on these occasions; and he must be a very rigorous and a very unsympathetic critic who would condemn such an object as wrong. The mind of an uneducated man cannot be a blank—it cannot occupy itself for a whole day with devotional or theological meditation. As a matter of fact, even in those who observe the Sunday most rigidly, this is not the case; and why it should be wrong to recal to the mind by the medium of printed paper what it would not be wrong to recal by the medium of spoken words, we cannot imagine. No human being would hesitate to tell another on a Sunday that he had been present at a trial for murder on Friday, and it is altogether impossible to give any reason why it should be wrong to read what it is not wrong to hear. It is a common objection to these papers that they cause a great amount of Sunday labour; but the fact is not so. They are uniformly, we believe, printed and published on Saturday, and are only read on Sunday. The objection, at any rate, comes with a bad grace from those who read in a Monday's *Morning Herald* denunciations of Sunday amusements, probably written, and certainly printed, on Sunday afternoon and evening. For these reasons we cannot look upon the Sunday papers as a *malum in se*. We think their object a good one, and if the execution were as good as the design, we should feel great pleasure in their success.

It cannot be doubted that, for good or for evil, their influence is enormous. *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* (made familiar to most of our readers by the instrumentality of defaced penny-pieces), according to its own account, has a circulation of no less than 170,000—nearly three times as great as that of the *Times*. The *Dispatch*, the *News of the World*, and the *Weekly Times* are also to be met with in every town in England. Constituting, as they do, a great proportion of the reading of those who read little else, on the only day in the week on which they read anything, it is most important to ascertain what is the nature of the influence of these journals. Whether from the circumstance of their publication on Sunday—or from reminiscences of offences charged against some of them in former times—or simply from the jealousy of those who consider themselves the only authorized directors and instructors of poor people—it is certain that there is a general impression abroad that they are unfailing sources of furious political incendiarism, and panders to all kinds of prurient curiosity. Our knowledge of the subject is not extensive enough to warrant a very positive opinion; but if we look at the last week's numbers of the four journals which we have mentioned, nothing can be more unlike the impressions which we get from the papers themselves than the expectations which the general notion to which we have referred would excite. The quality of the news, and the decorum with which it is selected, both appear to us to be unexceptionable. There is, as might have been expected, an absence of that class of intelligence which is essential to the weight and to the circulation of a daily paper—that is to say, home and foreign news, unattainable except at a great expense, and by means of an extensive connexion with persons who are in a position to communicate it. But, after all, the difference between knowing a thing on Monday and knowing it on Thursday—between reading it in the paper in which it first appears, and reading it in some other paper into which it is copied—however important to that small class to whom politics are a profession, is nothing to the enormous class to whom a newspaper is only a luxury. The political information contained in these papers, though neither exclusive nor very new, is most abundant, and affords a convincing proof of the interest which, happily for the nation, every class takes in public affairs. The manner in which the information is conveyed is also well worthy of observation. It is for the most part so closely packed as to be by no means very light reading. It is clearly intended for a quiet, serious, reflective class of men. The *Dispatch*, for example, contains four columns of foreign news, abridged from the morning papers, and similar abridgments, containing six and three and a half columns,

respectively, of Parliamentary debates, and of the proceedings of the Crimean Military Commission. To these *Lloyd* adds an account of the diplomatic relations of the Mosquito Territory, and a series of extracts from the leading articles of the daily papers upon such subjects as the Income-tax, the Austrian occupation of the Danubian Provinces, the Drainage of London, Education, the Management of the National Gallery, and the American question. Among the lighter subjects is a report of a curious meeting of swell-mobs, held by Mr. Mayhew, in which the various calamities attending their profession, and the difficulty of emerging from it when once entered, are set forth in a very curious and anything but offensive manner; and we have also, as might have been expected, a very full report of criminal proceedings, both at the assizes and before the police courts. Here, if anywhere, we should have met with prudence, if it had been characteristic of this class of journals. We have accordingly examined the papers in question with some care. In the *Weekly Times* there is not a single line that a lady might not read. In the *News of the World* there is a report of breach of promise case at Gloucester (more fully reported in the daily papers), to which those who consider an absolute ignorance of the existence of vice a good preservative of virtue might possibly object—though, if they did, their objection would exclude from their houses every paper containing news. In *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and in the *Dispatch*, a police case is reported, in about eight lines, with the utmost conciseness and propriety, which in the first is headed, "Indecency properly punished," and in the second, "A Beast." This is all that these four papers contain which a man would feel inclined to skip if he were reading aloud to his wife or daughter. Surely, when we consider that hardly a session of the criminal courts takes place without the most shocking revelations of the evil which is in the world—and that during the week in question, not only the Assizes but the sittings of the Central Criminal Court, and of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, were going on—the fact which we have mentioned is extremely creditable to the readers and to the conductors of the journals in question. Another illustration of the same point may be found in the brevity with which all these papers tell a story which would, some years ago, have filled many columns of every paper on every breakfast-table in the West-End—the murder which took place at Islington some weeks since, and for which a miserable woman was sentenced to be hanged at the last Old Bailey sessions.

Of the leading articles of the Sunday papers we cannot speak so highly as of the news. Those of the *Weekly Times* please us best. They are quiet, sensible, and manly; and one of them, upon the numerous murders which have taken place of late, is extremely kindly and humane, though we cannot agree with the writer's theory of the uselessness of capital punishments, or sympathize with his inclination to infer the insanity of a criminal from the mere atrocity of the crime. *Lloyd's Weekly Journal* enjoys, as its title announces to the world, the doubtful advantage of the editorship of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. Every one of its leaders bears traces of the fact. They have a strong family likeness to those dreary serious articles which are familiar to readers of *Punch*—articles which read like sermons which were originally unctuous, but which have had gall substituted for the unctuous, without however, entirely, removing all traces of the original condiment. They are a constant series of growls—growls at the "Immaculate" (satiric inverted commas) Peace, growls about the Jews, about "respectable criminals," about Kossuth and the Austrian Concordat, and about "our Naval sham at Spithead." One characteristic sentence will illustrate the sort of writing to which we allude—we all know where endless columns of the same material may be had:—"Austria's coat is for the present white, white as her liver—who knows how soon it may be red, red as her crimes?"

The *Dispatch* contains articles which are historically curious. They remind us of a time when journalism was quite a different thing, and journalists quite a different class of people, from what they are now. There is about them an effort to be clever, a jauntiness, an *obligato* satire, which were common in leading articles when the writers laboured under the consciousness that, unless they could attract notice by some such contrivances, they stood little chance of being read. Our meaning may be gathered from the following example:—

It was the 5th of the present month,

Wearied with business, labouring at the oar,

Which thousands once fast chain'd to leave no more,

we fairly rebelled against the slavery of town life and city work, and, playing truant from our daily carking cares, snapped our fingers in their face, and, in the true spirit of an eminent *poccurante*, exclaimed inwardly, "A fico for the world and worldlings base!" Between the hawthorn hedgerows just viridating into leaf, we emerged to buffet the bluff West wind over the downs, and sauntered through the fields by the footways. The lark was at heaven's gate, serenading his mate in the furrow; there had been a warm shower, and you could almost see the wheat grow. Everything was clothed in the green of spring, and the bees were already busy among the daffodils. It was high noon, the sun was bright, the ploughmen and bird-boys were sitting in the hedges, with their dinner on their knees, while wife and mother waited beside them to return with the emptied prandial vessels. Their horses, unyoked but in their harness, were browsing in the furrows, or pursuing their inquiries into the nosebags.

A man who knows that he has got things to say which his readers will care to hear, does not introduce an article about the undue severity of country justices with this kind of flourish of trumpets. He does not speak of hawthorns as "viridating," nor

does he call pots and pans "prandial vessels," or quote "a fico for the world," &c., or "the lark at heaven's gate sings," *apropos de boute*. The rest of the article is just what might have been expected from the beginning. It is all about the severity and cruelty of society against petty offenders, and is composed of such matter as the following:—

Lo, where the hunger-bitten wretch in the winter wind gathers a few sticks among the hedges to muster a dismal fire for her shivering little ones against the return of their over-laboured father, wet and hungry, from the gravel-pit or the road. "Off with her to jail," says our law; drag her between policemen; disgrace her among her neighbours; never heed her screaming little ones or her husband's heart rankling with contempt of society and execration of its authority. See! young Ralph, crossing the fields by the footway, steps aside and pulls up a turnip or gathers a pea or bean-pod; pounce comes Policeman X, hauls him off to "the Bench," and "lags" him for fourteen days if it happens to be Justice A, or a month if it be the sterner B. The law of God says, "Forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven;" to society it calls, "Let him that is guiltless cast the first stone;" to the sinner it gently murmurs, "Go in peace, and sin no more!"

Why is everybody who steals sticks "a hunger-bitten wretch?" Why is a turnip-stealer "young Ralph?" Would the *Dispatch* wish an Act of Parliament to provide that, if any hunger-bitten wretch steals wood, he shall be acquitted, but that, if such thief is not a wretch, or, being a wretch, is not hunger-bitten (for the meaning of which, see the interpretation clause), he shall undergo so much imprisonment? It is quite in keeping with this, that the article contains a profuse display of legal learning. Amongst other things, the writer has discovered that a child of nine cannot "be held to plead to any charge." If he will look at *Russell on Crimes*, i. 7, he will find that a child was condemned to be hanged at nine, and that another actually was hanged at ten. It is fair to say that, though this article occupies the most prominent place in the paper in which it appears, it is, beyond all comparison, the worst.

One unfailing element of the *Dispatch* is its correspondence. "Publicola" and "Caustic" are names known in many quarters where the paper itself is not read. Last week, Publicola occupied a column and a half in discussing the question of women's property, and Caustic devoted the same space to advocating the necessity of preparing for war in the time of peace. Caustic's letter strikes us as sensible enough, though there is throughout an anxiety to justify the indignant signature, which leads to a curious combination of the quietest substance with a somewhat ferocious phraseology. Publicola's subject is a very difficult and delicate one. He seems to us hardly to appreciate its difficulty, and we think that he might avoid such strange errors as the assertion that the Roman law prevails in the South of France, and the Code Napoleon in other parts of that country,

A curious feature in these papers is the "Answers to Correspondents." They are most numerous in the *Dispatch*. Some are certainly sufficiently quaint. What, for example, would Dr. Cumming think of the following?—"Ezekiel must apply to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." Had "Ezekiel" been inquiring about the restoration of the Jews? For the most part, however, they contain really very sensible advice, sometimes on questions of some difficulty: For instance, A.B. wants to know how he can find out whether a brother in New Zealand is alive or not, and is advised to "write a letter to be left till called for at the Post Office, and advertise the fact in some New Zealand paper." He could hardly have got more judicious advice, and the answer is not one which would immediately present itself. "Raphael" receives the following reply: "As to the value of the old historical female portrait we can venture no opinion." A man must be in a curious condition, one would suppose, who can find no one more willing to advise him in such a matter than the editor of a newspaper. Some of the answers are leading articles in italics—what they can possibly be answers to, we cannot conceive. For example, a gentleman, called "The Last of the Gallows," gets half a column of small type, and extremely bad grammar, about the execution of Bousfield; but whether he wrote it himself, or wanted to know something to which it was a reply—and, if so, what his question was—we cannot conceive. The great mass of the questions are about legal matters; and we should think that the attorneys must view the advice-gratis columns of the *Dispatch* with very considerable disgust. It is of course impossible, without seeing the questions, to form an estimate of the correctness of the answers; but some of them relate to subjects of considerable intricacy. There is one in particular, beginning "The Vicar is wrong," on which a great deal might be said. We very greatly doubt whether the Vicar was not right; and we would refer the gentleman who wrote the answer, to *Taylor on Evidence*, p. 1156, and to the cases there cited.

On the whole, we think that there is a very unjust prejudice against the Sunday press. Its character appears to us to be very creditable to the readers and conductors, and far from discreditable to the writers, of the papers in question. We are sure, at any rate, that it is most unfair to speak of these journals as if their influence was altogether bad, and their very existence a nuisance.

THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL AT LILLE AND EUROPEAN COMPETITION.

IT has already been strongly urged in this journal that the plan of the proposed Government Offices should be made the subject of a universal competition; and the Duke of Newcastle, with other statesmen, has contended that Sir

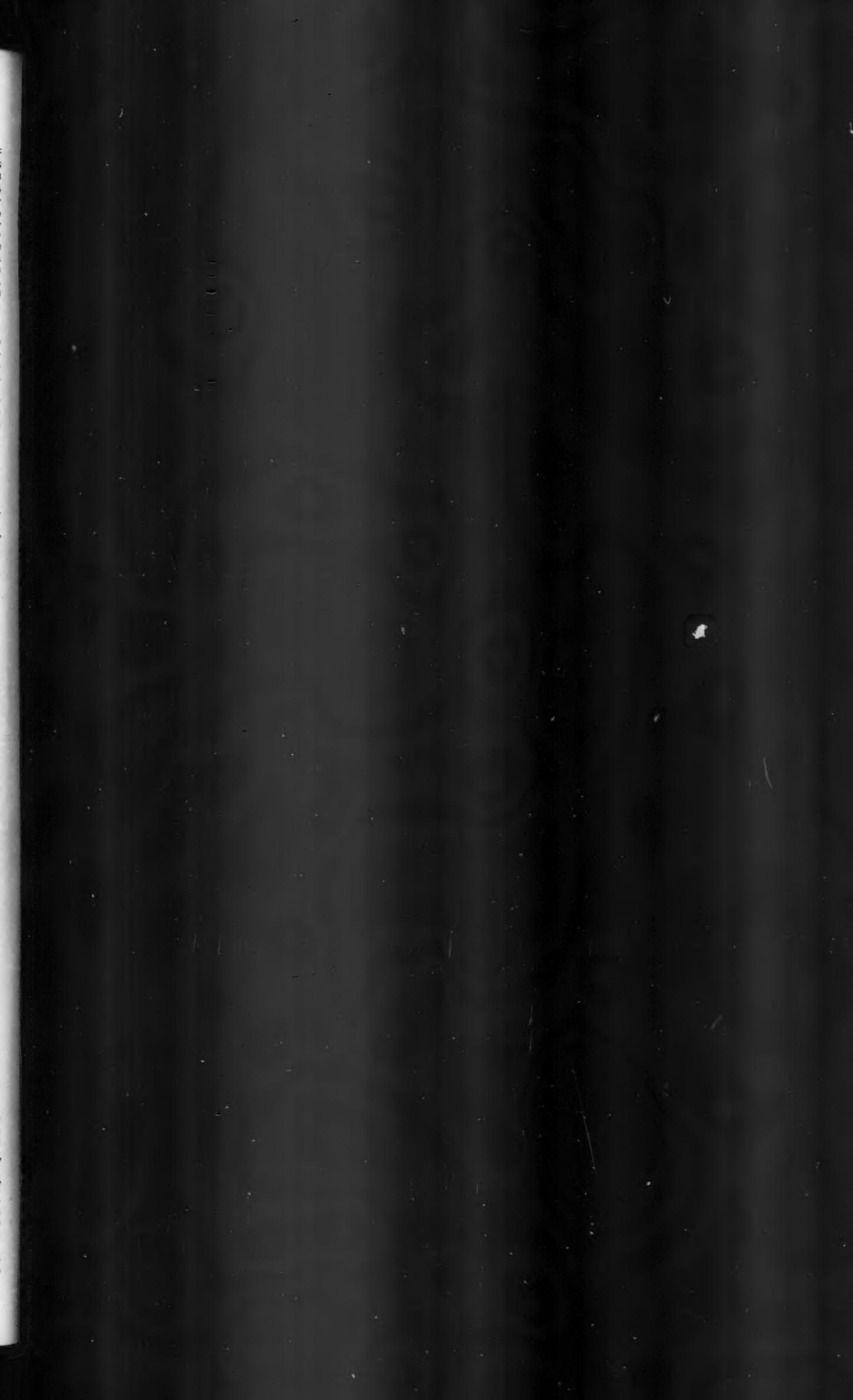
Benjamin Hall's principle of inviting a European contest should be fully adhered to. A writer in our own pages has strenuously recommended this course on its abstract merits, and has instance the success which attended the general competition for the Houses of Parliament. In the House of Commons, the same line has been recently taken in suggesting the employment of Baron Marchetti. High art ought to have no national and narrow prejudices and jealousies. We, who set the example of a world rivalry in 1851, must carry out our own principles with loyalty and liberality. Already our neighbours have followed our example, and in exemplifying the principle, they have furnished us with a precedent. Since the subject was last discussed in our columns, France has done a very noble act, which we are glad to be the first to place on record.

Some years ago, certain sanguine and far-sighted persons at Lille conceived the notion of erecting a Cathedral in that city. Lille is a populous manufacturing town in French Flanders, ecclesiastically situated in the archdiocese of Cambrai, and never was an Episcopal see. It had a high reputation, somewhat damaged by Marlborough, as one of the great chain of first-class fortresses, while of late years it has attained to great manufacturing eminence and wealth. So far as its Church relations go, we are told that it is similar to our great manufacturing towns. Church feeling, as it is called in England, has not been particularly active. In short, Lille wants churches; and the Archbishop of Cambrai will be glad to be relieved of a difficult, yet not unpromising, sphere of duty and responsibility. Some zealous laymen of the place, partly under the influence of these feelings, partly upon aesthetic, and partly upon patriotic grounds, broached the scheme of a new Cathedral. The example of Cologne fired the Lillois—or some of them. An admirable site offered itself in the very centre of the town, in a piece of ground formerly occupied by a destroyed collegiate church, and remarkable for containing also the site of a Roman circus. This spot was secured, and subscriptions were given—the Pope's approbation was forwarded from Gaeta—and early in last year, a competition for the new Cathedral—or rather for a monumental church which, it was hoped, would be a Cathedral—was inaugurated.

The conditions of this competition are now before us. They are admirably drawn up, and would serve for a model for such documents among ourselves. The designs were to be anonymous, and concealed under mottoes. The projectors prescribe the style—that of the early part of the thirteenth century, as displayed in French Cathedrals of that date—the cost not to exceed 120,000*l.* The material suggested was brick, which is much used in that swampy neighbourhood. The accessories were to be full and complete; and designs for the ornamental sculpture, wood-work, metal-work, glass, and subsidiary buildings, were also required. For the guidance of the competing architects, details were given of the site and its geological structure; and local estimates for excavation, masons' and joiners' work, with a statement of the lowest cost of materials, were subjoined. The Committee undertook to give three prizes—to the best design, 10,000 francs, to be deducted from the architect's commission if employed to build the church, or 6000 francs if not so employed—to the second and third designs, 4000 and 3000 francs respectively. The architect's commission on the works was fixed at 5 per cent. for the first million of francs, 4 per cent. for the second million, and 3 per cent. for the remainder. The judges were four French amateurs, one Belgian, and one Prussian—M. de Contencin, Directeur-general des Cultes, M. de Caumont, Didron, and the Père Martin, from France; M. Lemaitre d'Anstaing, from Belgium; and M. Reichensperger, of Rhenish Prussia. The plans were sent in last month, and the award has just been made, giving the first and second prizes to English artists. The first has been gained by Mr. Clutton, assisted by Mr. Burges—the second by Mr. Street—and the third was won by an eminent French architect, M. Lassus, the restorer of the Ste. Chapelle.

The English periodical especially dedicated to the progress of Church Architecture, the *Ecclesiologist*, gives in its last number a detailed examination and criticism of the designs, forty-one in number, which were sent in for this competition—all of which were publicly exhibited before the award of the jury was made—indeed, before they were submitted to the judges. This, at any rate, was an excess of liberality on the part of the Committee. They invited criticism; and our English contemporary has not been slow to accept the offer. With a boldness, if not self-confidence, which is admirable, the *Ecclesiologist* of the present month has thought proper to anticipate the verdict of the jury, and three weeks ago published its award, in the shape of a class-list in the recognised English University style. It gave as the best designs those marked *Fæderis Arca*, and *Quam dilecta Tabernacula*, with three or four others. *Fæderis Arca* is found to be Mr. Clutton's—*Quam dilecta*, Mr. Street's. It also signified a design which proves to be that of M. Lassus, one of the first architects in France; and one by MM. Leblan and Rimbaux, able architects of Rheims, aided by M. Venszlmann, of Paris. These gentlemen have gained the first gold medal—and so stand fourth. The English amateur judgment and the French official verdict directly coincide in the principal awards. So far as we can judge, the English critic slightly preferred Mr. Street's; but substantially the verdicts are identical.

We consider this result highly creditable both to the principle of competition and to the French judges. Although the



designs were anonymous, architectural critics could not have the slightest difficulty in assigning their nationality. The *Ecclesiologist*—and probably it will be found to be right in the great majority of instances—boldly specifies the nationality of every artist of the forty-one. The canons of art are so well understood, and the minutiae of style and archaeological research are so completely grasped by connoisseurs in architecture, that they may be said to be able to distinguish between French and English designs, as certainly as critics in painting can tell a Venetian from a German picture. This knowledge both the French and English judges possess. At a glance, the jury knew the designs of M. Lassus and MM. Leblan and Rimbaux to be French—those of Messrs. Clutton and Burges, and Mr. Street to be English. With this knowledge they have fairly and honourably crowned English art. They have allowed neither patriotic nor religious prejudices to influence them. The French judges have awarded the first prizes in a European competition to two architects, strangers both to their country and to their religion. At the last moment, when they observed the preponderance of English competition, one English professional man was, we believe, associated with the French critics, and they also availed themselves of French professional assessors; but a large jury of Frenchmen has acknowledged our English success. Prizes, gold and silver medals, and honourable mentions together, distinguish and unveil nineteen out of the forty-one competitors. Of these, eight in all are English, and only four French—the rest from Germany and the Low Countries, with one Swiss.

We consider that this completes the magnificent triumph which the school of English church architects has attained. Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, who did not on this occasion compete, led the way in gaining the first prize for the great church of cathedral size and character—and again for the Town Hall, likewise of Pointed architecture—in Hamburg. And so we may now congratulate ourselves on having unquestionably the first professors of the Pointed style in Europe. We have distanced all competitors; and it must be considered that Europe has set its seal on that remarkable revival in mediæval architecture which was begun in England, and the fruits of which are visible in every town, and almost every village, of our country. We are not surprised at the success of English art in general, or of its English professors at Lille in particular; but it must be a peculiar gratification to the patrons and students of church architecture that its professors have won the two leading prizes in this great art tournament.

To return to the competing merits of the successful candidates—the design of Mr. Clutton and Mr. Burges is marked by very earnest, practical, and rigorous fulfilment of the conditions of the contest. It is most elaborate and full. It aims very distinctly at French tastes and requirements—it is somewhat severely archaic—and its western elevation may be deemed deficient in beauty as compared with Mr. Street's. In its details, it presents a complete mine of archaeological research and learning, which is not to be wondered at, for we find that Mr. Burges has published in the *Ecclesiologist* a very curious paper on the French *dallages* and other features of the cathedrals of France. Mr. Street's appears to be equally faithful, more picturesque, and somewhat more advanced, and less distinctly French in style. The designs being nearly equal, the English critics seem to have slightly preferred Mr. Street's, as being less decidedly a reproduction of Chartres and Rheims; while the French judges very naturally gave the preference to that which smacked most strongly of the Gallican idiom, and most accurately reproduced the Gallican type. The award, as far as we can pronounce, is most righteous. Unquestionably the two first prizes have been given to the two finest designs; and if France has preferred the most explicitly and exclusively French art, it is only what we should do in England, if we had to decide between Amiens and Lincoln as most fulfilling the English ideal.

Here, then, is our moral—that unlimited competition is a good thing, *per se*, and that it offers and secures, in the conscientious verdict of the experts of different countries, a reliable guarantee for getting the right man in the right place. The result of the Lille competition hints to England that we also owe a debt to European art. The French award shows that art can afford to dispense with small national jealousies. We must be as liberal to Continental architects as the French artists have been to us. They have invited us to an honourable contest, and they have acknowledged our successes. All sorts of reasons might have combined to influence the jury to give the prizes to M. Lassus and to MM. Leblan, Rimbaux, and Venszmann, whose designs are first-rate, and all but equal to those of the successful English artists. To these influences the Lille jury stood honourably superior. In the coming competition for the Government offices, England cannot afford to be less generous than France—less confident in herself, less liberal and loyal in an unsectarian and œcuménical responsibility to art. We hear with satisfaction that there is some likelihood of the Lille designs—or at least a selection from them—being sent to London for exhibition during the year.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last Meeting of the Society, a communication was read from Professor Phillips, entitled *Observations on a Drawing of the Lunar Mountain Copernicus*, by Professor Secchi, Director of the Observatory at Rome.

Of the few attempts which have been made of late years to

prepare drawings, on a large scale, of selected lunar mountains, this contribution from the celebrated Observatory at Rome is certainly one of the most successful. It is on a scale of magnitude—about ten geographical miles to an inch—such as only large modern telescopes can command, and is characterized by such fineness of definition as to do honour alike to the observer and to the maker of the instrument. It may assist those who have not attempted to make drawings of this kind, and who desire to form a right judgment of the great scientific value of this work of Professor Secchi's, if a comparison be made between a drawing of Gassendi, executed from an object-glass of 6½ inches, with a focal length of 11 feet, and the present representation of Copernicus. The drawing of Gassendi is on a scale of twenty geographical miles to an inch, and thus appears only half the linear dimension of Copernicus, though it is in reality almost the same diameter. Placing the two together, and remembering the appearance of Copernicus as seen through powerful telescopes, the excellence of this drawing of that remarkable lunar object leads to the conclusion that astronomy has now fairly entered on that long career of discoveries in the moon to which the attention of astronomers has been of late systematically drawn by the Earl of Rosse and a Committee of the Royal Society.

In proportion as the power of the telescope rises, the seemingly simple ring-mountains of the moon exhibit as much diversity of outline and structure as the larger terrestrial volcanoes, when accurately mapped. Thus, while Gassendi, 40° from the central meridian of the moon, and 17° south of the equator, has the obliquely elliptical contour due to a circle in that position, Copernicus, 20° from the central meridian, and 10° north of the equator, has its most conspicuous peripheral crest formed of seven nearly straight elements, approaching to equality in length, and meeting in points which are situated almost exactly in a circle of twenty-four geographical miles' radius. Here is a very important partial difference, coupled with an equally important general arrangement. Again, while Gassendi, with peaks 9000 feet high, projects like a huge narrow wall into the *Mare Humorum*, and hangs over the interior plain in precipices as steep, and many times higher than those over the *Atrio del Cavallo*, Copernicus, seated in the midst of broad land, on a base of 120 geographical miles, rises in many broken stages, bristling with a thousand silver-bright crests—a perfect network of rough and complicated ground, crossed by lights and shades which have a history of their own; and towards the interior it falls off, by many irregular terraces, down to a central plain, as if the whole area had yielded, and the surface had been formed by enormous land-slips. Four sharp notches may be traced across the narrow ridge of Gassendi, cutting it deeply, like the hollow left by decomposing lava-dykes 500 feet broad. One deeper and broader opening unites the inner plain with the outer *Mare Humorum*, and one far wider opening leads to an accessory crater, over whose awful depths, the cliffs, 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, spread black darkness round some central rocks. In these particulars, Copernicus offers a very different aspect. Its high crest of 10,000 feet is only cut through by one straight narrow meridional groove, though broken by sinuous fissures in other parts, and is everywhere so irregular, partially undulated, and varied with small craters, and enclosed areas resembling craters, as to offer little analogy to any truncated cone of eruption. The highest summit on the west side, consisting of a huge rock, is conspicuous by its broad, deep, and extended shade.

Regarding now the central plains and their mountains, several low ridges and small mounds (half-a-mile or more across) are apparent, of which three central digitated masses, not pierced by craters, are the most elevated, and catch the earliest lights of morning which glance over the rocky borders of the basin. Had the drawing been taken at the instant when the sun was rising on the central meridian line of the basin, these points would have stood up in the soft edge of the light and shade as bright as the Swiss mountains at sunrise or sunset, but not, like them, reddened by the optical property of the atmosphere. Gassendi has at least two small craters within the central plain—none appear in M. Secchi's drawing of Copernicus. In many other lunar mountains, the centre is occupied by a crater-formed hill, like Vesuvius, which stands within Somna. In others, the hill remains a smooth rounded mass, but its crater is lost; and a farther stage of decay seems to be seen in Gassendi and Copernicus, where the central mass is broken into fragments, and sculptured by ramified hollows. Are these effects to be ascribed to the former action of a lunar atmosphere, now absorbed in the oxidized crust of the moon? If so, the lunar mountains have a history of water as well as records of fire, and we must look on the sinuous ridges of the *Mare Humorum* with eyes accustomed to the gravel mounds of Norway and Iceland, study the degraded craters after the models of the Eifel, and map the ridges with reference to valleys of erosion as well as of eruption.

In questions of this kind, we shall find such drawings as this of the Roman astronomer of very great value. If it were well and faithfully engraved, and circulated among astronomers at home and abroad, it would stimulate to further research, and lead to the production of other interesting representations of the moon. Two other drawings of Copernicus are much needed—one taken at the moment when the sun is on the meridian of the

central hillocks, to show the light streaks, which are concealed when the sun is low—the other, in the clear afternoon of the lunar day, when all the small cracks and cavities become again distinct, but greatly altered in aspect. The whole landscape then changes under the eye of the observer—the plains growing greyer and softer, and revealing many minute low undulations, the hills looking more and more rugged, and burning with narrower, brighter, and more regular tracts of silvery light.

The beautiful drawing which forms the subject of these observations was exhibited in the Meeting Room of the Royal Society, and elicited universal admiration. All the astronomers present concurred in pronouncing it the most perfect and interesting representation of any portion of the moon's surface that has hitherto been seen. By a letter from Professor Secchi, which accompanied the drawing, it appears that every portion is the result of careful triangulation, and of a series of observations extending over six months.

The Professor divides lunar volcanic formations into three classes, to which he says a fourth may be added, analogous to our Plutonian formations. "The first class of the lunar volcanoes possesses a distinctive character; the edges of the craters are almost completely obliterated, and a deep well only remains in the place of the ancient mouth of the volcano. The second class of lunar volcanoes are those which have their anterior edges elevated above the surrounding plain; their form is generally regular, and not broken as those of the preceding class, and the ground around them is elevated in a radiating disposition, as is visible in Copernicus, which is included in this class. The third class of lunar craters is very small, and bears a great likeness to those called by geologists adventitious craters, and seem to be of a very late formation—the last efforts of the expiring volcanic force. They are irregularly scattered through all the moon, but occur more frequently at the borders, or inside the old demolished craters, although not concentric with them, and seem to have been produced after the large ones were completely closed, either by trachytic ejection, or by becoming lakes."

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, AND ITS PRIZES FOR WORKMEN.

AMONG the stately museums of London, there is one, a quaint and almost grotesque in its locale, yet possessing solid claims upon the art-loving public which more flashy institutions might not find it so easy to establish. At one end of Canon-row, Westminster, stands a weather-boarded shed. The adventurous stranger must ascend its upper floor by one of two steep ladders, and there he will find, nesting under the low roof, a large collection of articles of artistic interest, consisting chiefly of plaster casts, while an inscription on the door informs him that this eccentric-looking depository is the Architectural Museum. The merit of this institution consists in the fact that it is distinguished by singleness of object and by a practical purpose. With very partial exceptions, the collection is confined to specimens of the indigenous architecture of England, and of all Western Europe, which prevailed from the twelfth to the sixteenth century; while the purpose for which these multitudinous casts are brought together is not to furnish a gaping show to idlers, but to provide a school in which the architects and the artisans of the future may study, imitate, and, it may be, learn to excel the model works of other ages. We are glad to be able to state that the Board of Trade has recognised this most meritorious institution, by affording it pecuniary aid, on the condition—gladly accepted—of its giving facilities to Government students in their pursuit of mediæval art. It is not our object to reproduce its programme; and we shall therefore pass over its origin, constitution, and general prospects, and confine our notice to that special phase of its operations which has peculiarly attracted our sympathies. Only we must premise that, among its committee and trustees, we observe the names of numerous *sommites* of the architectural profession; and, invidious as any selection of an individual name may be, we are confident that no one who has watched it through its early struggles will accuse us of partiality if we single out its distinguished treasurer, Mr. G. G. Scott, as the person to whom, of all others, it is indebted for its continuous existence and for its present prosperity. Full as all Mr. Scott's moments must be with the calls of a peculiarly extensive practice which is scattered over every county of the land, he has yet found time to foster and advocate the rising institution with a disinterested zeal which finds its own reward in the consciousness of public benefit. Another eminent member of the architectural profession—Mr. Clutton—has freely rendered his services as honorary secretary.

Were the benefits of the museum confined to the class commonly known as students, it would not have existed in vain. But the special reason which has led us to notice it, is that it has declared itself to be of a still more liberal and progressive character. It has constituted itself the school, not only of the artist, commonly so called, but also of the artisan. It has told the artisan that he too, within his own scope of duties, is truly an artist. To talk about the dignity of labour, and so forth, upon the hustings and at the borough meetings, is the easiest thing in the world, and we have heard so much fluent eloquence on this topic, that we own it often presents itself in the character of a bore—not to say of bunkum. The thing we want to find is the genuine unselfish practice of all those fair profes-

sions of liberalism; and this we actually do find in at least one place—viz., the Architectural Museum, which, while it meets the artisans upon a footing of equality, neglects to have its debates reported in the daily press. One evening last week, the cockpit which contains its stores was crowded to witness the first distribution of prizes to artisans. Professor Cockerell filled the Chair, ably and gracefully. The prizes were four in number—a first and second for stone carving, respectively contributed by the munificence of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Godwin—and two for wood carving, due to the Museum itself and to Mr. Godwin's neverfailing generosity. The ceremony was not mute, for it called up successively (besides the Chairman) Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Beresford Hope, Dr. Biber, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Scott, Mr. Boutell, and Sir Walter James. When the set speeches were concluded, an artisan—of which class there were numbers present—rose from the body of the room, with some strictures upon the limitations offered to a prize for iron work, which was proposed for the ensuing year. Here the real merit of the Museum showed itself. The volunteer speaker was not coughed down, nor pompously snubbed from the chair. What he had to say was attentively and respectfully listened to; and the interpellation had, after he sat down, the effect of calling up successively—with one, or at most two, exceptions—every one of the persons who had previously delivered themselves of set addresses, in the more spirited character of eager debaters, anxious to vindicate the good sense of the Museum. The incident passed off not only in good humour, but it served to show the really broad and liberal spirit in which these conferences between patrons, architects, and artisans are conducted.

We need not recapitulate the points upon which the successive speakers insisted. They may be summed up in two words—reality and originality. The prize carvings in the two materials formed the most expressive commentary upon the lesson taught. Fragmentary and rough, they were expressive of rude earnestness and of an innate love of bold beauty, coupled with strict fidelity in the reproduction of vegetable forms. It was well that it was so; for had the first samples come out smooth and round in the *contour*, but emasculate in spirit, we should have deemed them hothouse plants, and have been tempted to abandon the propaganda of art-feeling among the artisan class. Only we must not quit the subject without one caution—not to make an idol of that same roughness and rudeness. A bold first work, however rough and rude, is healthful and robust; but in a later work, finish and care ought to be superadded to spirit and originality. Legitimate civilization—perfectly distinct thing from its corruption, luxury—superadds its requirements to the demands of an earlier and ruder age. Of these requirements those which we have adumbrated are the chief. So far as its mechanical resources and its ignorance of the science of perspective permitted, the golden epoch of the middle middle-ages specially felt and acted up to this principle; and that epoch accordingly should be the starting point. Besides the regular prize works, which were of course placed upon the table, a small volunteered piece of statuary was shown by one of the speakers—carving in alabaster of Lough's group of the Mourners, taken from a wretched wood-cut, which only exhibited one side either of horse or persons—executed with a knife and two chisels, in a remote village of Derbyshire, by a lad of eighteen, who had never beheld one single work of art. It excited the admiration alike of professor and of workman; and afforded the best encouragement to the object of the evening—the exaltation of the artisan, within the limits of his own assigned work, into the character of an artist through the spirit with which he executes that work.

Convinced as we are that the Architectural Museum is aiming at a right result, and is pursuing its object in a right way, we propose from time to time to recur to its proceedings.

MR. TEMPLE ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

LAST week, the House of Commons came to a decision on the subject of National Education which plainly showed that public opinion on the point is as yet unformed, and that there is neither sufficient knowledge of facts, nor sufficient definiteness in the various views entertained, to permit of a satisfactory adjustment of the matter at present. Parliament is not prepared to act, and the subject is remitted, therefore, to the further consideration and discussion of those whose special interest in education, and whose special means of information, prompt and enable them to create or guide opinion. The country has to learn much before it can come to a final resolution. What is wanted at present is, that the large mass of the public, who have no particular purposes to serve, and whose only object is to do the most good with their money, should clearly understand the alternatives between which their choice lies, the history of past educational action, and the demands of the future. Fortunately, an essay has recently appeared which exhausts, as far as an essay can exhaust, the whole subject, and enables every one to see the exact position in which the education of the poor is now placed in England, and to appreciate the difficulties that have to be surmounted. It forms a part of the new volume of *Oxford Essays*, and is written by Mr. Temple, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, whose long experience and eminent ability give him a right to speak with authority on the question. We do not wish to advocate the conclusions of the writer, or to adopt his arguments.

But we wish that the substance of the essay should be generally known. When a topic of great interest is so little understood as National Education, nothing is more convenient than to have a statement of its general bearings made so powerfully and so adequately that all may agree to take it as the starting point of discussion. This is what Mr. Temple's essay offers, and we therefore submit to our readers a short account of its contents—adopting, wherever possible, Mr. Temple's language, and adding nothing by way of comment, contradiction, or explanation. We are not reviewing the essay as a literary production, and therefore we shall say nothing in its praise. Those who read it cannot fail to discover its merits for themselves.

Mr. Temple begins by stating the questions at issue. They are three:—Who is to pay for the schools? Who is to govern the schools? And what is to be taught in the schools? The last question may be treated as practically involving the other two, and the answers given to it mark off the several heads of opinion on National Education. First, those who are in favour of a purely secular education answer that religious teaching is not to be given in the school, but to be procured elsewhere, and that the school teaching should only comprise that which remains as necessary for the education of the poor when religious instruction has been deducted. English feeling is, however, so strong in favour of combining religious with civil instruction, that we need scarcely consider this opinion at all. If religious teaching is to be given, the security for such teaching must be found in the character of the local management; and the only method yet suggested for procuring religious management—is to entrust the school to the authorities of the Church and of the other great religious communities. But the religious communities, from want of means, are obliged to accept State assistance, and therefore to submit to State control. Systems have to be devised by which the State and the religious bodies may work together, and the three principal systems that have been proposed have received the names of the Denominational, the Comprehensive, and the Combined. The Denominational method is to have separate schools for the separate religious denominations, and to supply them with a sufficient amount of State aid to enable them to cover the country. Of schools at present existing, more than ninety per cent. are Denominational. The Comprehensive plan proposes to establish schools in which so much religion shall be taught as all are willing to agree in—Jews and Roman Catholics being set apart to be treated as special exceptions. The Combined plan proposes to separate the civil from the religious instruction—to put the former under the rate-payers, the latter under the denominations, but to provide in some degree for both. The workhouse and prison schools, for example, are organised on this plan.

The Committee of Council is the centre round which the battle between the parties advocating these different systems is fought. The Committee has, during the sixteen years of its existence, expended a total sum of about two millions sterling, and, in return for the assistance it has given, it has claimed the right of inspecting the schools assisted. It has also, since 1847, insisted on clauses being inserted in the trust deeds of schools to the building of which it has contributed, whereby the management is given to the subscribers—the object being at once to prevent ecclesiastical assumption and to increase the sources from which a permanent income may be expected. The Committee had a definite principle—it never attempted to educate, but always to improve education. Local exertions were made an absolute condition of all assistance. But it gradually became evident that the strain thus placed on the voluntary exertions of the benevolent was too great, and in 1853 the system of the Committee of Council was infringed. In April of that year, a Minute was passed, granting to all schools in agricultural districts and unincorporated towns, not containing more than 5000 inhabitants, aid towards bearing the annual expenses, in proportion to the number of scholars attending 176 days in the year. The Minute is said to have saved many schools from bankruptcy, and, if so, it is a plain proof that the Committee of Council cannot continue to maintain its old policy much longer. What is to be done next?

The voluntary party would answer, "Go back. Let the whole of the State assistance be withdrawn, and let us trust entirely to the stimulus of religious zeal and to the exertions of private benevolence." Their great argument is, that in the education of children, the religious and civil teaching are so mixed up together that they cannot be separated—that the State has no right to lay out the public money in giving religious instruction, and ought not, therefore, to give money to promote education at all. Mr. Temple replies, that it is not true that religious cannot be separated from civil teaching. The State might easily examine into the efficiency of the civil teaching, pay the master for that, and leave the denominations to take care of the religious teaching. But, at any rate, the principle on which the argument rests does not express the feeling of the country. England has never admitted the principle that public money may not be spent for religious purposes. And the voluntaries have, moreover, to make out that the work of educating the community can be done without State assistance. They attempt to do so by pointing to the history of the great movements for promoting education. The grammar schools, they say, were founded in the sixteenth century by the same religious impulse as that which produced the Reformation. The charity schools founded at the end of the

seventeenth and during the eighteenth century were also the fruits of religious zeal. Lastly, almost within the present century, has commenced the foundation of a third class of schools—the elementary; and the impulse that created them, too, was religious, as is proved by the immense number of denominational schools. Mr. Temple replies that the answer to all this is supplied by the very facts adduced. The grammar schools are useless for want of that organization which the State, or some equivalent centre, alone could have supplied, and they are now looking to the interference of the State for their only chance of revival. The fate of the charity schools has been even worse—they have had no standard to aim at, no precise duties to fulfil. The rapid growth of the elementary schools has been contemporaneous with the active measures taken by Government to stimulate and organize the zeal of the religious communities. And the Government aid must not be measured by money. The visits of the inspectors, the published reports, the examinations and appointments of pupil-teachers, the examinations and certificates of masters, give a concerted action and a definite aim to the whole work of all the schools, which no power short of Government could have given. Nor, again, is it possible to hope that the poor will themselves be able to support the expense of education. Mr. Temple calculates that wages must rise 2s. 6d. a week before this could take place; and to wait for this would be to wait indefinitely.

The Denominational party wish to let things remain as they are—they are in possession of the field, and they desire to retain the advantage of their position. They point to what they have done, and especially insist on their system being the only one by which religious liberty can be secured. Mr. Temple points out that the religious liberty they desire to secure is very generally the religious liberty, not of the individual, but of the community—that this species of liberty really means the liberty of the few active busy-bodies of a sect to tyrannize over the inactive majority—and that religious liberty can scarcely be said to be secured while parents are denied the power of withdrawing their children from the part of the teaching of which they do not approve. And, besides the oppressive character essentially inherent in purely Denominational Schools, there are two objections to the present system which no art has yet discovered the way to elude. One is, the impossibility of making it cover the whole country—the other is the financial injustice of its operation. The grants are now made to meet corresponding local exertions; but, as we have said above, these exertions seem to have reached their limit, and the Minute of 1853 is a confession that they have done so. And poor districts are totally unprovided for—they cannot make a beginning, and therefore Government gives them nothing. The remedy might seem to lie in making grants proportional, not to the amount, but to the deficiency of local subscriptions. But then the Government would have to ascertain that the deficiency was inevitable, arising solely from want of means, not from want of zeal—otherwise, subscriptions would obviously fall to zero, even in rich districts. But here, says Mr. Temple, the old difficulty recurs. The Government has no means of distinguishing between those who cannot help themselves, and those who will not. Every one acquainted with the working of an office knows that, the moment exceptional cases are admitted to special favour, every case becomes exceptional. The end of this policy is to transfer the burden entirely to the revenue. But schools require local management, and no mistake could be more fatal than to permit local authorities to dip into the public purse. There would be no check on the expenditure. In order to make those who spend money economical, they must feel that extravagance falls on their own shoulders. There is, therefore, no resource but to adopt a system of local rates. In a law compelling a rate, a maximum might be easily fixed, above which the rate per pound in any district should not rise. If the maximum rate failed to provide efficient schools, a grant might supply the deficiency. And thus the poorer districts might, it is argued, get assistance, without any danger that the assistance given would act as an incentive to neglect local duties.

Mr. Temple proceeds to inquire into the merits of the various schemes proposed for imposing and regulating local rates, and to offer suggestions of his own. But into this part of his essay we do not propose to follow him, because the vote on Lord John Russell's resolutions clearly shows that the time is not come for determining these details. We want the preliminaries settled, and to have a full investigation into the elementary portion of the subject. Mr. Temple lays down, as the result of his researches, his reflections, and his great official experience, these two propositions:—1. That in order to make education fair in itself, well organized, and co-extensive with the country, the State must interfere; and, 2. That the only adequate mode of such interference is to impose local rates. Are these propositions true or not? Can his arguments be refuted, or their application limited? If the country could agree to accept these propositions as true, we might have some hope of seeing a practicable measure founded on them. If they can be demonstrated to be false, the country need not trouble itself about Education Bills at all. They are the key of the whole question; and whatever may be the decision to which we ultimately come, it is an indispensible advantage to have them placed, once for all, in their best light, maintained by the soundest arguments, and handled in the most lucid and dispassionate manner.

REVIEWS.

VEHSE'S AUSTRIA.*

THE feelings with which we reach the last pages of these volumes are akin to those with which we doubt not many of our readers, after a long day's sight-seeing in Vienna, have sat down to review the impressions they had received. These, in the main, will have been cheerful; for who can resist the charm of that gay and brilliant capital? Mingled, however, with them, will be recollections of more solemn kind—the tomb in the Church of the Augustines—the historic aisles of St. Stephen's—the dead silence and gloom of the Vault of the Emperors. So it is with this book. As a whole, it is pleasing, dealing much with the eccentricities, little with the vices, of human nature, and tracking through several centuries the proud annals of Austria; but interspersed with the lighter portions of the work are hints and glimpses of those tragedies with which the story of the House of Hapsburg is all too full.

Dr. Vehse is not an historian, and does not profess to write a history. He is a gleaner of strange facts, an indefatigable collector of that sort of gossip which men who have lived long in courts and camps are in old age much accustomed to retail. His authorities, as he himself states, are far too numerous to be specified, even in the larger work of which the one before us is only a portion. Three of them are, however, so important, that the English editor, Mr. Demmler—who, by the way, has done his part admirably—devotes to them some remarks in his preface. These are Khevenhüller, who lived in the days of the Thirty Years' War, and wrote of things *quorum pars magna fuit*, as ambassador in Madrid and elsewhere—Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, granddaughter of the Winterking, and mother of the too famous Regent—and Hormayr, who, long Director of the Archives, both in Vienna and Munich, died in the year 1848.

Rodolph laid the foundation of the family estate of the Hapsburgs; but it was Maximilian who began the great fortunes of his line. During his earlier years he gave little promise, and was considered by many to be only half-witted. When about twelve years of age, a change came over him. He was "the last of the knights"—a brave man, and a bold hunter. The Tyrol is still full of tales of his exploits. His fame for daring and personal beauty won the heart of Mary of Burgundy, the richest heiress in Europe. At nineteen he married her. Their happiness was short, for Mary died in a very few years, from the effects of a neglected injury. "Never," said Maximilian, as he took his last look of her, "never, as long as I live, shall I forget this bonny wife of mine." In the troubles which followed her death, Maximilian had an awkward adventure. He was in Bruges. His German mercenaries were exercising in the Great Square, and many of the citizens were looking on. "Steht! (halt), cried the officer. The crowd thought he said Slat! (kill), and instantly dispersed, only to return as an armed force. Maximilian was seized and imprisoned in the castle. His faithful jester, Conrad von der Rosen, who tried to cross the ditch with one swimming-belt for himself and one for Maximilian, was driven back by the swans whose quiet domains he was invading. Maximilian's second wife was a daughter of Galeazzo Sforza. After her death he resolved to live as a holy celibate, to take orders, and become Pope. For this strange purpose he collected a vast treasure, meaning to bribe the Cardinals. He it was who, by sending an ambassador to Russia, first introduced that hitherto Asiatic empire into the European system. To him Germany owed the abolition of the barbarous *Faustrecht*, and the establishment of the Imperial Chamber, or Court of Chancery, which itself, in later days, became so thoroughly intolerable. Now began the strife between the nobles and the lawyers, which is sketched incidentally in Götz von Berlichingen. In another way also, the reign of Maximilian was an epoch. He lived to see the commencement of Luther's struggle against Rome, nor was he altogether opposed to the Saxon monk. "We must save him," he said to Frederic the Wise, "for future occasions;" and again, to Councillor Pfeffinger, "His positions are by no means to be despised. He will have fine sport among the parsons." The great events, however, which were about to follow, Maximilian seems not to have foreseen. Like Philip de Comines, he imagined that all would go on in the old way. "We must think of him, indeed, rather as a 'merry monarch,' than as a great statesman. He lived nearly sixty years, 'letting no flower of the spring pass by him.' There is pathos in his farewell to the city he loved best. On arriving at the pillar called the Rennsaille, he turned, crossed himself, and said, "Well, the Lord bless thee, my own fair Augsburg; we have had many a joyous day in thee, and now we shall never see thee again."

Hormayr, who had great application and a memory like Turgot's, says that many a man who has tried fully to write the history of Charles V. has been crushed by the avalanche of his materials. He himself gave twenty years to the task and failed. The remark is no doubt true, but although the books which treat of these times are imperfect, still we have a good many of them; and we may pass over, therefore, the 160 pages which Dr. Vehse devotes to the great Emperor, and go on to Ferdinand I., his less known successor. The brothers were very unlike each other. Charles

was grave and taciturn—Ferdinand gay and talkative; Charles was always ailing—Ferdinand had iron health. His education was superintended by two Spaniards, who acted under the general direction of Erasmus. His favourite author among the ancients seems to have been Caesar. It must be allowed that both he and Charles V., who delighted in Thucydides, showed very good taste. His knowledge of languages was considerable, though not equal to that of his brother. In religion he was a zealous Catholic—so much so that he told his son Maximilian that he would rather see him dead than a convert to the new opinions. So significant is the fact, in many ways, that we cannot be too often reminded that the Reformation spread like wildfire in the Austrian dominions. The whole of the nobility went to study at Wittenberg. Before the commencement of the counter-Reformation, Protestants and Catholics lived together in amity, so far as the affairs of this world were concerned. Mixed marriages were of everyday occurrence. The contentions of the Protestants among themselves were nevertheless very fierce. Already Commendone, the Nuncio sent to the Convention of Naumburg, could say, "You will never unite, because, as sure as true tenets agree, false tenets do not. The farther you sail into the ocean of error, the darker are its waves."

One of the sons of Ferdinand I. married Philippina Welser, the daughter of an Augsburg patrician. This was a sad *mésalliance*; but she was the loveliest woman of her time—so lovely that she quite disarmed the wrath of the Emperor by presenting herself as a suppliant before him. Her virtues were not inferior to her beauty. Five volumes of cooking and other recipes, written with her own fair hand, still remain to testify of them to an admiring posterity. We recommend to the lovers of the marvellous a story of second sight, which Dr. Vehse tells in p. 214:—A Baron Hohenberg saw himself, in a vision, laid out in state, and told a friend that it was the presage of his approaching death as the last survivor of his family. His friend was incredulous; but all turned out exactly as had been foretold. Just as he entered the chamber where the body was laid-out, he heard the solemn proclamation which announced that the noble who lay on his bier was the last of his line, "Hohenberg! Hohenberg! Hohenberg! and never Hohenberg any more!" To Ferdinand I. succeeded Maximilian II., who had been very wild in his youth, and is called by Dr. Vehse the Austrian Prince Hal. Charles V., who loved him tenderly, gave him his daughter Mary to be his wife. She was the most pious woman of her day, and the fiery Maximilian was soon tamed. He became a very exemplary monarch, and held, more especially in religious matters, opinions far in advance of his age. A letter of his, written to his friend Lazarus von Schwendi, and referring to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is quoted in p. 222. Admirable in itself, it has the additional interest of having been pointed out by Kaunitz to Maria Theresa as a guide for her own conduct. It was found in her *escritoire* with a note in these words, "May stand over—after my death—the time will come for it." Maximilian II. was, like his ancestor of the same name, very fond of sport. The Prater was acquired by him as a chase, and Schönbrunn was built for a hunting-seat. He was the last German Emperor who took the field in person as German Emperor. This was in the campaign in which Soleyman died before Szigeth. Maximilian was also the last tolerable ruler whom Austria had, under the old Hapsburg dynasty. His wife went to Spain after his death, to die on ground unpolluted by heresy. Maximilian's own end was not particularly edifying to the adherents of the old faith.

He was succeeded by Rodolph II., a gloomy and melancholy man, who always lived in the Hradchin at Prague, and there devoted himself to astrology and alchemy, to collecting curiosities and taming wild beasts. He it was who introduced in Germany the taste for objects of *virtu*, which has done so much to impoverish princes and to promote art. The barbarous dispersion of the Rodolpinae Museum at Prague, which was one of the freaks of Joseph II., enriched many private persons at the expense of the government. In an inventory of the collection which is still preserved, one lot is marked, "A naked female bitten by a mad goose." This was *Leda and the Swan*, by Titian. It was this Emperor who began to collect pictures. He was fond of heraldry, and curious in coins and medals. His courtiers called him the Second Solomon, and he had some right to the title, if mere knowledge could give it. In some respects he was not unlike our James I., but they differed in their ideas on magic. James I. stopped the pension which Elizabeth had given to Dee, an Englishman, who was one of Rodolph's favourite adepts.

The Emperor Matthias did not proceed to take violent measures against his brother without provocation. His life had long been embittered by Rodolph's jealousy. The stolen sceptre gave him little joy. The Counter-reformation grew in strength. Party hatred became more bitter. During all the year 1618 a large comet perplexed the minds of men. On the 23rd of May, about noon, took place the famous "Defenestration of Prague," which began the Thirty Years' War. The Jesuits were instantly driven from the kingdom—Pilsen, Budweis, and another less important place, alone remaining faithful to the Emperor.

Dr. Vehse treats as fabulous the common story that Elizabeth urged her husband, the Elector Palatine, to accept the Bohemian crown. He gives some curious particulars as to the difficulties which the poor Winterking met with among his turbulent subjects in Prague. It is well known how extremely tenacious they were of their rights; but the following anecdote will be new to

* Vehse's *Memoirs of the Court of Austria*. Translated from the German. London: Longmans.



many. Frederic had summoned the Bohemian lords to a council in the morning. They replied, "That they could not make their appearance so early as seven—a man must have his rest after having done his work, and the thing was contrary to their privileges." Such a ruler as Frederic would have soon disgusted a far less excitable population than the inhabitants of Prague. Forgetting or despising all Bohemian history, he actually had the Communion celebrated in public on Christmas-day, 1619, after the Calvinistic rite. In April, 1620, his chaplain, Scultetus, preached in the Cathedral of St. Veit a sermon to prove that the Turks, whose alliance Frederic was then courting, were exceedingly good Christians after all. Some curious particulars about Tilly and Pappenheim are given. Few people are aware that the famous Descartes was a volunteer in the Imperialist ranks at the battle of the White Mountain. That decisive contest was soon ended. "And if Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar, and Charlemagne had been present," Prince Christian of Anhalt says in his report, "they could not have induced these fellows to make a stand."

Then followed the bloody revenge of Ferdinand in the Alstadt Ring. At four o'clock on the morning of the 21st of June, 1621, the nobles who were to die that day were conducted to the place of execution. Just as the venerable Count Schlick laid his head on the block, a slight shower fell, and a rainbow spanned the sky. His co-religionists in prison took it for a sign, and the rainbow of Prague was long remembered. Eleven months after this, Ferdinand, under pretence of an amnesty, induced 728 noblemen to inform against themselves, whereupon he confiscated the whole or part of their property. The Radetzky of that day lost a third of his estates. The same consequences which had signalized Ferdinand's triumph in his hereditary states now followed in Bohemia. Protestants of all ranks hurried over the frontier. The traveller is surprised to find that the capital of the Hussites is now one of the most Romanist cities in Germany; but the persecutions of the House of Austria were not merely teasing and irritating—the policy adopted towards the heretics was one of extermination. These atrocious proceedings were not so sternly opposed in Bohemia as in Upper Austria, where the peasants, led by Stephen Fadinger, and the "Unknown Student," whose name is an historical mystery, rose in open insurrection. Pappenheim, a tolerably good judge in such matters, says, in a letter, that he had never seen such "wild fury of war," as when the country-people, singing psalms and chanting their battle-hymn—

Weil's gilt die See' und auch das Blut,
So geb uns Gott den Heldenmuth!
Es muss seyn liebe Brüder, es muss seyn!

dashed upon his cavalry, tearing the men from their horses, and slaying them with clubs and morning-stars. This struggle the peasants maintained alone—the nobles had already fallen. Some were in exile—many were dead—new aristocracy was entering on their possessions. So it was everywhere. Thonradts Jörger's Bucheims—the pleasant valley of the Danube, the clover-clad uplands of Styria, knew them no more for ever.

The coat of Gustavus Adolphus, which is still preserved in Vienna, bears witness to one of the shots which killed him having been fired very near. It has been thought, accordingly, that he possibly received his death-wound from Albert of Saxe-Lauenberg, who was one of the few who rode with him on the field of Lutzen. There is nothing in Dr. Vehse's account to confirm this suspicion. The first wound appears to have been received in the mêlée among Piccolomini's black cuirassiers. The second was from the pistol of Colonel von Falkenberg, an Imperialist officer. Numerous particulars of the battle are given supplementary to Schiller's account; and we hope many of our readers may be induced to refer to them to these pleasant pages, to which we propose returning on a future day.

THE FALL OF MAN.*

WE think it right to confess at once that we have no pretensions to sit in judgment on Mr. Collins's poem, since we cannot flatter ourselves that we possess the "essential requisites" which, according to him, "must unite to qualify any for the responsible task of offering critical judgment on a work in which, if it have pretension to excellence, renewed inquiry upon subjects of philosophical analysis the most difficult ought to be associated with creative powers to combine, and body forth again in living energy, the inductions of the past—viewed also in the sphere (more elevated) of impassioned writing, with voice to make the melody of light be heard in thrilling language of the heart." And after having owned that we are destitute of the "solemn voice which only can pronounce in ripened judgment on its merit," we find ourselves constrained to make the still more humiliating admission that we are unable even to read the poem with that "proper intonation" which it is, however, somewhat consolatory to hear from the author, "few possess the capability of giving to it." All we can therefore venture upon, under the circumstances, is to introduce Mr. Collins to the world by quotations from the book itself. In the advertisement by which it is prefaced, he thus indicates the objects he has had in view:—

The two cantos of the poem, from incompletely portions of it, now selected, are offered to the judgment of the public. They are consecutive; and being

in a sense, independent in themselves—one of each part of its two divisions likewise—they are abundantly intelligible thus presented, as well as affording the means to estimate the general scope and topic of the whole. The table of the contents of the entire is, for this latter object, given; and the general preface, in its concluding portions, is explanatory of it.

The auxiliary papers, along with the cantos, will be found equally independent, thus presented, in themselves. In the one, the great subject of the Future State is dealt with—in the other, chiefly the arrangements which are necessary, in the organized polity of a State, to educe the *interest* of that Future State. The whole is thus connected, for a unity in the volume.

Why Mr. Collins has not published the opening cantos of his poem, he has not, in his wisdom, deemed it right to say. He has, however, so far condescended to our curiosity as to inform us that the "first canto, which may seem to bear a different character, is written only for the purpose of introducing the didactic matter before the reader. In the second, which has for its object to remove the apparent disproportion between original transgression and its consequence, the fall of our first parents is assumed, more fitly if set forth in all its circumstances, to have occurred. The reflections with which it closes lead naturally to the important heads of man's investigation, knowledge—the subject of the third canto—and in this again, to the last great object of it all, the knowledge of his state on earth, and future destiny to come."

Before proceeding to give any selections from either of the cantos now published, we cannot forbear quoting, as a specimen of Mr. Collins's prose manner, a passage from his preface, with which we will connect a running commentary of our own to show the pains we have taken to arrive at a right apprehension of it. After speaking of science, and of the tendency towards an undue reverence for material things prevailing amongst us at the present day, Mr. Collins goes on to say:—

The visible things of earth beneath show forth indeed God's beauteous handiwork for man, and it is rising in unnumbered worlds beside, to speak his glories in the firmament; [what is rising?] but man himself, together with the Cause of all, is still his highest contemplation—[whose contemplation?] his own beginning breath in life and intellect is still supreme, as by the giant survey of its powers we alone discern what in creation must remain the end sufficient to this wondrous frame of things. [Who is it takes the giant survey, and what or whose are the powers surveyed; and is it the "beginning breath," or "the end sufficient" that "in Creation must remain?"] The Spirit is indeed exalted to be known by man, and on the mount of science it expands its thousand pinions into light; but servile intellect cannot behold the godlike spectacle—it is uplifted ever, and with the soaring vision of his being rising, will grovel still to scan the prospect at its base. [How can a thing rise with another thing, and yet be grovelling at the same time?] There is in contemplation of the *useful only* upon earth, a littleness opposed to true advance of man. It is not either with its own principle consistent, for higher tendency to good is not visibly remote; and all progression that is lasting must have ultimate repose in things belonging to the viewless scheme, which moves aloft upon the footsteps only that are traced beneath. [How can there be repose in things belonging to a viewless scheme that moves, and what sort of progression is it that advances aloft on footsteps traced beneath?] We tread indeed in sublunary course by footsteps marked in all advance of earth:—[then the footsteps are not on the earth] but earth and its wide elements developed, still show the footsteps only where we tread in light:—[then the footsteps are on the earth] they give the *image* of the truth; but it is moving higher in the spirit's walk outstretching sublunary growth, and through the rise of earthly generations pointing ever to its source!

And then the author concludes thus—"These are the difficulties, and prevailing never at a time so much as now, to him who seeks to gain for higher meditation upon truth a hearing. Few indeed throughout mankind are either gifted or trained to enter with the poet into *suek*." Not ourselves, most assuredly. Nay, we own that after in vain endeavouring to penetrate the meaning of the passage we have quoted, we could not help questioning whether any one could be found to explain it, and tell us whether it means everything, anything, or nothing at all.

After reading some thirty pages of writing like this, it may be easily imagined with what feelings we entered upon a perusal of the poem thus preluded. But, perhaps because things which appear the simplest are often in reality the most profound, and we therefore entirely missed the recondite meaning hid beneath the surface, certain it is we found no very great difficulty in mastering the whole of it, as it is all equally easy of comprehension with the following:—

Immortality! Annihilation! What different ideas ye do bear unto the mind; And how unlike in the external manifestation which ye do fix upon belief; And in the evidence ye draw from out the visible frame of things; And that secret influence which we are led to think does bind them in mysterious relation. For if the Deity be indeed our maker—eternal in duration And of essence spiritual—as I've shown above we're forced to think; And if our bodies be the living temples each wherein doth dwell A spirit from the source divine derived of all intelligence; And if that spirit be in nature to its original analogous, As its living form and faculties do signify, And we see that all *creations* (if such they can be called) Of the finite power ourselves do hold partake of that which generated man, Is it not alone presumption strong that to exist it shall continue When the mortal coil we've shuffled off which bound it to the earth?

The fifth canto is easier still of comprehension. Its subject is Human Life in its Youth, and from it we select the following eloquent description of a "beauteous girl" as a favourable specimen of the whole:—

Behold ye beauteous girl! She is fast rising to womanhood, And her outline fair is swelling out into the perfect form which she will wear. To add unto her charms fresh loveliness. She has not parted with her buoyant spirit yet,

* *The Fall of Man*: a Poem, in Two Parts. By John Collins. Cantos IV. and V. London: Longmans. 1856.

[April 19, 1856.]

But even from her childhood she doth borrow graces,
To fling, untaught, a speaking fascination o'er her;
And as she moves in simple joy of heart, with nought but nature for her
guide,
Her form throws out the thousand elegances in graceful beauty veiled—
And her countenance reflects them vivid in the soul's pure light
Which gently streams the brightness of its intelligence around.

For such poetry as this it would be difficult to find a parallel, excepting, perhaps, in the pages of Mr. Warren's *Lily and the Bee*, or Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. In a postscript appended to the preface, referring to this "apparent irregularity and freedom from the control of law," which Mr. Collins is aware characterises his verses, he says that he "feels that the objection, if made by the intelligent at all, can have reference only to popularity; and that he knows of no law to bind in this respect but custom, which can make deviation a fault;" and he concludes with the strange assertion, that "if he had adhered to established usage, it would have been productive of utter destruction to that harmony which he has laboured so much to exhibit in his verses." If it be so, we can only say that harmony is a very different thing from what we had always imagined it to consist in.

The same "apparent freedom from law" characterises, as is but fitting, Mr. Collins's lighter pieces. Thus, in one addressed "To the British Queen" he sings—

Thou walkest in thy majesty,
Ancestral name, and elevated height
As thousand star-loft motions thee to light.
But thou hast told thy deep humanities—
And these are they which motion thee to light;
Hast told thy deep humanities
For suffering brave, for suffering brave—
And these are they which motion thee to light.

The italics are Mr. Collins's, not ours. We confess that we have found ourselves at a loss to comprehend the drift of this passage, doubtless owing to our want of the "essential requisites." Moreover, the author informs us that he does not write for one generation, but for posterity; since "a true poet will not be heard by partial judgment that is near, his voice must stretch beyond the present into future time, as intellect of loftier growth within the world arises. Through all advance, a scattered audience he will find besides; for thought is wanting in the mass, and narrow mind will never venture through creative strife (?) to seek discovery in danger's path or fearless wait the bursting of a shell." If Mr. Collins be right, we gather that posterity will not only call that poetry to which we should give a very different title, but will relish it also—in addition to which posterity will have a great antipathy to adverbs, definite articles, and grammar generally.

We have given so much space to a sketch of Mr. Collins's poetry that we have none to spare for an abstract of his notes. We can only observe that the whole book consists of 278 pages, of which about sixty are devoted to the poetry; the remainder is occupied with a long sermon and appendix on the words—

Nought embracing perfect life is unto
After being quickened, except it first shall die.

An essay, with appendix, On Expediency, is founded (who would think it?) on the line in the fifth canto,—

At best thou art but perishable man.

Then follows a dissertation on the Christian test, and another on the oath of abjuration—both of them subjects, in the author's opinion, intimately connected with the Fall.

Before concluding our already too long notice, our readers must allow Mr. Collins the gratification of introducing to them a poet who has risen near the home of Wordsworth, and who is, according to his panegyrist, destined to be his worthy successor:—

It is interesting to those who live, are privileged to listen now to one, though only risen, who yet must stand upon the top of fame—who dwells within the mountains—dwells where he dwelt—drinks the spirit's song; and utters it a holy song, to glorify, as he did glorify, the Providence eternal. Who that would desire this glory—as a passion and a love this glory—that bears within his heart the fervent burst—bids welcome not to Stanyan Bigg—the lowly, gentle, meek in wisdom, that portrays and beautifies excelling things by his born beauty. Welcome unto Stanyan Bigg, and may his song be as the song of that great bard—a household song, and with a home, "a local habitation" in the nation. Deeply is this feeling uttered; for if "the multitude of the Wise," as Wisdom saith, be "the welfare of the world,"—the promise of a wiser heart in poet never dawned; nor one whose morning might be hailed with prouder rapture by the "holy souls," the "friends of God that wisdom maketh." May his morning be auspicious omen—the herald to himself of brighter morning—brighter when the vanishing things have passed; and all the vanishing is folded as the scroll of prophets—"dead, but living."

After such a burst as this, we can but add that should there be a pit by the side of which a placard is posted up announcing that "rubbish may be shot here," we do not know any book better deserving such a fate than Mr. Collins's *Fall of Man*.

SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.*

THIS collection of letters neither adds to nor diminishes our knowledge or our estimate of their writer. He has already taken his rank, and acquired a settled position in the *libro d'oro*. Such letters as are here published—and the collection does not aim at completeness—tell us more of Southey's

personal than of his literary life. Mr. Warter, the editor, with a marked tendency to garrulity—not to say small-talk—apologizes or accounts for both the excess and deficiency in the collection before us; and his reasons, as is always the case in such matters, go far to neutralize each other. He says that he prints trivial and very occasional letters, because they illustrate the writer's character; and he complains that, in other quarters, some of Southey's letters had been published to the disadvantage of his family, and, as we suppose, of his fame. He adds, moreover, certain complaints directed against Mr. Lockhart's executors, and against Mr. Henry Taylor, for having—or for seeming to have— withheld collections of Southey's correspondence from his editorial executors. Mr. Warter pointedly remarks that "all Southey's friends (sic) readily made haste to contribute their stores"—the inference being, that such as were reluctant to give up Southey's letters were not Southey's friends. We demur to the implied major, and also to another definition which occurs in the editor's preface, by which he identifies the "scrupulously upright" with those who, having any of Southey's letters, refuse to make them public on their own account, but cheerfully hand them over to Mr. Warter, and "the interests of the family." Here we are in a difficulty. If we happen to be in possession of letters addressed to us by a literary man, are they the chattels of the receiver, or not? Mr. Warter is disposed, by his very curious views on property in letters, to deny each branch of the alternative. He denies at once Mr. Taylor's right to treat Southey's letters as his own private property, and, if Mr. Taylor pleases, to put them behind the fire, or to suppress them for ever; and at the same time he complains of the "improper use" which has been made of Southey's letters already published. It seems then—which is an awkward conclusion—that each and every one of us is bound, under pain of literary censure, to keep, ready filed and docketed, all the familiar *epistola literaria* with which we may have been favoured, until, at his convenience, the gifted "son-in-law" summons us to hand over our treasures "for the interests of the family." *Exoriare aliquis*—the sooner a Warter relieves us of these posthumous and unproductive curiosities, which we may neither print nor destroy, the better. In his Preface, he informs us "that, from miscellaneous extracts, he has been able to draw up a most remarkable history of the *Quarterly Review*, from Southey's first communication with Walter Scott on the subject. It would fall like a shell from a mortar of the newest construction." This is appetizing, especially as the history of the *Quarterly Review* seems to be simple enough. We do not gather whether Mr. Warter's intimation is to be construed as a promise or a threat.

The result of the perusal of these letters is to strengthen our old views of Southey, without adding a single new light on his character. That character was in itself not a remarkable one. It is uniform and compact, and was illustrated by an uneventful life. As it seems, its early romance and wildness exhausted all Southey's impetuosity and wilfulness at once—and that at the first explosion. The wild and enthusiastic pantisocrat, who talked Godwin and Liberty at Balliol, and who married pretty Edith Fricker before he was twenty—the boy-bridegroom who left his maiden bride to set off for a voyage to Spain—the poet who had achieved an epic, such as it was (and *Joan of Arc* was above the average), before he was out of his teens—the comrade of Coleridge and Lovell—seems to have blown off all his steam at one jet. He settles at once into the serious, consistent, resolute man, who, by the inflexible power of a strong will, is resolved to follow duty, and to conquer all circumstances. It is thus that, a few years later, Southey sums up the *Sturm-und-Drang* period, and the great peace that ensued:—

Ten years have materially altered me. The flavour of the liquor is the same, and I believe it is still sound; but it has ceased to froth and to sparkle. What avails it to discover where and how you lost your way upon a road that is never more to be travelled!

Howbeit, there is a long account to balance the loss; in no other circumstances should I have possessed the powers and knowledge which I now feel. There they lie; and I wish my executor, that is, the gentleman, whoever he be, that will one day execute me biographically, or rather necrologically, disect me, had the trouble of picking them up and arranging them.

Although of the longest, here is a noble letter—the writer not twenty-three, and yet he had already lived a life. We give it because it embodies so much of Southey's personal history:—

TO JOHN MAY, ESQ.

Burton, July 19, 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sincerely thank you for your letter; its contents are strange; and I am inclined to think when my uncle blamed me for not doing my utmost to relieve my family, he must have alluded to my repeated refusal of entering into orders; a step which undoubtedly would have almost instantly relieved them, and which occasioned me great anguish and many conflicts of mind. To this I have been urged by him and by my mother; but you know what my religious opinions are, and I need not ask you whether I did rightly and honestly in refusing.

Till Christmas last I supported myself wholly by the profits of my writings. When I left Lisbon I had thirty pounds from my uncle, of which a large part was expended in paying my passage and the journey home. When my determination was made not to enter into the church, I instantly quitted the university, that my uncle might no longer be inconvenienced by me. I applied for a clerk's place in a public office, and my republican principles occasioned my ill success. At this time my acquaintance with Coleridge commenced; I had all the enthusiasm which a young man of strong feelings and an acute sense of right and wrong can possess, and resolved to go to America and attempt to establish a better system. We hoped to raise a sum sufficient amongst us, and I had then expectations that the reversion of a family estate might be sold, which has since proved worth nothing. Wild as the

* Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, &c. &c. Edited by his Son-in-law, John W. Warter, B.D., Christ Church, Oxford, Vicar of West Tarring, Sussex. 4 vols. Vols. i. and ii. London: Longmans. 1856.

plan was, it wanted not plausibility, and my mother would have gone with us had it taken place. At the end of 1794, I found myself disappointed in this: my aunt, with whom I had previously lived, had turned me out of her doors; and I would not be burdensome to my mother, though my quitting her was against her wishes. I went to Bristol to Coleridge, and supported myself, and almost him, I may say, for what my labours earned were as four to one. I gave lectures; I wrote indefatigably; nor is there a single action of this whole period that I would wish undone.

One friend I had—only one—willing and able to serve me; but he had not the power till he was of age. In the summer of 1795, my uncle, as you know, came to England; he urged me very strongly to take orders. My heart was heavily afflicted; my literary resources were exhausted: and it was yet a year and a half before my friend could assist me; and you will believe me when I say that my spirit could but ill brook dependence. I add to this, that my opinion of — was not what it had been; for by long living with him, I knew much of his character now. I gave him my uncle's letter when it arrived, and told him I knew not what I ought to do. I wrote to my friend: he strongly advised me against the church, and recommended the law, when he could enable me to pursue it. After some days I followed this advice. As our finances no longer suffered us to remain at Bristol as we had done, we removed as we had before agreed,—I to my mother; and our arrears were paid with twenty guineas, which Cottle advanced as the copyright price of the poems which were published, not till after my return from Lisbon. During all this — was to all appearance as he had ever been towards me; but I discovered that he had been employing every possible calumny against me, and representing me as a villain.

My mother's was now my home, but I was more frequently with Cottle; and with a mind agitated by so many feelings did I compose the greater part of *Joan of Arc*. When this was nearly completed, my uncle asked me to go abroad with him. I consented, and married the morning of my departure. This too requires some explanation. I had never avowed a long-formed attachment till the prospect of settling in America made me believe it justifiable. I placed Edith during my absence with Cottle's sister, who keeps a school, as one of their family, and it was not proper that she should be supported by me except as my wife. The remainder of what *Joan of Arc* was to produce would defray this expense. On my return I had resolved still to leave her there, and live separately till the Christmas of 1796, when I had no evil to endure but dependence. I returned, however, with the remainder of the 30l.—about 18l. I believe. I had likewise the matter for my letters, which were only published from necessity. Cottle supplied me in advance with such small sums as I wanted from time to time, which the sale of the first edition of that book would repay, and my own reserved copies of *Joan of Arc* produced me enough with these assistances. By Christmas I had published my poems and letters, and in the course of the following month received the first quarterly payment of an annuity of 160l. Had this been without the heavy incumbrance of such obligation, I would have taken a cottage and lived there with my wife and mother, without one wish unsatisfied. As it was, it was my duty to labour till I could do this independently by the law. We had clothes to purchase, some little to discharge,—and a journey to London. With these drawbacks will you easily conceive that at the end of the first half-year nothing could remain.

It is only two days since I have learnt that my mother had any obligations to —, and what that obligation was I knew not till your letter informed me. My uncle wrote to me by Thomas, said he had desired Burn to send me ten pounds, that he would supply me with money from time to time, and requested therefore to know the state of my finances. This surprised me, because I had told him what I expected. On the receipt of this letter, I wrote to my mother, and told her to expect this ten pounds, which I fortunately wanted not. For this purpose I wrote to Burn for it by means of Thomas, explaining to Thomas why I accepted it, that he might not think I was wantonly draining my uncle: this I shall explain in my letter to Lisbon, which fortunately is not yet written.

Thus you may see that the only means I have ever possessed of assisting my mother was by entering the church. God knows I would exchange every intellectual gift which he has blessed me with for implicit faith to have been able to do this. I have urged her to come and live with me. She has a large lodging-house which does not pay its own rent, and my wish is that she would let the remainder of her house upon a reduced rent, and sink a certain little to prevent greater loss. I can then support her.

I care not for the opinion of the world, but would willingly be thought justly of by a few individuals. I labour at a study which I very much dislike to render myself independent; and I work for the booksellers whenever I can get employment, that I may have to spare for others. I sent ten pounds when last in London to Edith's mother, whose wants were more pressing than those of my own. I now do all I can; perhaps I may one day be enabled to do all I wish; however, there is One who will accept the will for the deed. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Wynn's noble conduct, and the annuity of 160l. which he gave to his friend, made Southey; and well did Southey pay to others that tenderness and love which he had himself experienced. Even when he had nothing of his own but this annuity, and a miserable and precarious income, picked up, ten pounds at a time, from the booksellers, we find him providing for his brothers in succession, and taking upon himself the responsibility of the whole of S. T. Coleridge's family—a responsibility which their natural guardian always found some transcendental reasons for neglecting. A greater moral contrast it is impossible to conceive than what, from the first, existed between Coleridge and Southey. The one was all sentiment, the other all practice—the one enunciated the passions which he did not feel, the other repressed the affections which he would not permit to master him. Like the poor seamstress, Southey felt that weeping wasted his time and blotted his paper. "My head feels as if it would be easier if I were to let a little water out; but tears, Senhora, are a bad *collyrium* for weak eyes; and I shall go to work." From the very first, the latter seems to have understood the fatal gulf between his friend's theory and practice. The disenchantment, probably, made a true man of Southey. He was plainly fascinated by the greater intellect of Coleridge; but, as soon as he found out the noble impostor, Southey became a better as well as a wiser man. The allusions to Coleridge in the letter already quoted are obvious.

Here is another. "Coleridge has never written to me: where no expectation existed there can be no disappointment" (p. 118). And another—"Coleridge talks of returning to London. His dislike to it is only when he is obliged to work in it" (p. 185). And here is another, still more painful because more true:—

No letters from Coleridge of a later date than August. We hear of him by several quarters; he was at Rome in the beginning of February, much

noticed there, and going to spend a few weeks in the country on a visit. This is the news from Englishmen who saw him there. It is not to be supposed that letters should regularly arrive from other persons, and all his be lost. Wordsworth thinks he has delayed writing till he finds it painful to think of it. Meantime we daily expect to hear of his return. I am more angry at his silence than I choose to express, because I have no doubt whatever that the reason why we receive no letters is that he writes none; when he comes he will probably tell a different story, and it will be proper to admit his excuse without believing it.

And yet, for the sake of others rather than for himself, Southey domiciled himself with the very man whom he could not respect except for his intellect, for "Coleridge, Taylor, and Rickman," he says, "make my trinity of living greatness." He gave himself up to a living death of work and daily toil for the family of one who knew all duties only to neglect them, and who was always fancying himself "tormented with pantomimic complaints." Here is a study of Hartley Coleridge, of whom Southey so ominously foretold "that if he lives he will dream away life like his father; too much delighted over his own ideas ever to embody them or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed":—

Moses grows up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. I am perfectly astonished at him; and his father has the same sentiment of wonder and the same forewarning that it is a prodigious and an unnatural intellect,—and that he will not live to be a man. There is more, Danvers, in the old woman's saying, "he is too clever to live," than appears to a common observer. Diseases which ultimately destroy, in their early stages quicker and kindle the intellect like opium. It seems as if death looked out the most promising plants in this great nursery, to plant them in a better soil. The boy's great delight is to get his father to talk metaphysics to him,—few men understand him so perfectly;—and then his own incidental sayings are quite wonderful. "The pity is,"—said he one day to his father, who was expressing some wonder that he was not so pleased as he expected with riding in a wheelbarrow,—"the pity is that I *am* always thinking of my thoughts." The child's imagination is equally surprising; he invents the wildest tales you ever heard,—a history of the Kings of England who are to be. "How do you know that this is to come to pass? Hartley?" "Why you know it must be something, or it would not be in my head;" and so, because it had not been, did Moses conclude it must be, and away he prophesies of his King Thomas the Third. Then he has a tale of a monstrous beast called the Rabzeze Kallation, whose skeleton is on the outside of his flesh; and he goes on with the oddest and most original inventions till he sometimes actually terrifies himself, and says, "I *am* afraid of my own thoughts." It may seem like superstition, but I have a feeling that such an intellect can never reach maturity. The springs are of too exquisite workmanship to last long.

And here is a painful one of his greater father:—

Coleridge is gone for Malta, and his departure affects me more than I let be seen. Let what will trouble me, I bear a calm face; and if the Boiling Well could be drawn (which, however, it heaves and is agitated below, presents a smooth, undisturbed surface), that should be my emblem. It is now almost ten years since he and I first met, in my rooms at Oxford, which meeting decided the destiny of both; and now when, after so many ups and downs, I am, for a time, settled under his roof, he is driven abroad in search of health. Ill he is, certainly and sorely ill; yet I believe if his mind was as well regulated as mine, the body would be quite as manageable. I am perpetually pained and mortified by thinking what he ought to be, for mine is an eye of microscopic discernment to the faults of my friends; but the tidings of his death would come upon me more like a stroke of lightning than any evil I have ever yet endured; almost it would make me superstitious, for we were two ships that left port in company.

Considering the life-struggle which Southey had already, at thirty years of age, passed through, how delightful and heartening is a letter like this:—

No man was ever more contented with his lot than I am, for few have ever had more enjoyments, and none had ever better or worthier hopes. Life, therefore, is sufficiently dear to me, and long life desirable, that I may accomplish all which I design. But yet, I could be well content that the next century were over, and my part fairly at an end, having been gone well through. Just as at school one wished the school days over, though we were happy enough there, because we expected more happiness and more liberty when we were to be our own masters, might lie as much later in the morning as we pleased, have no bounds, and do no exercise,—just so do I wish that my exercises were over,—that that ugly chrysalis state were passed through to which we must all come, and that I had fairly burst my shell, and got into the new world, with wings upon my shoulders, or some inherent power like the wishing-cap, which should annihilate all the inconveniences of space.

And this again—he is writing to Wynn:—

I wish you a boy with all my heart: for myself, it will perfectly satisfy me if what I look for about the same time should prove a girl. The prospect of a large family gives me no uneasiness whatsoever. If it please God to let me go through the career which I have begun, they will be well provided for; and if it be His will to call me away, they will find friends, and I shall find that justice which is as seldom denied to the dead as it is granted to the living.

Of literary anecdote we do not get much from this collection. A portrait of Jeffrey may reasonably be compared with Sydney Smith's glorification:—

Jeffrey is amusing from his wit; in taste, he is a mere child; and he affects to despise learning, because he has none. Perhaps I am not a fair judge, having been accustomed to live with Coleridge and Wordsworth; but the plain truth is that, compared with such men as these, the Scotch *literati* are very low indeed. As for Jeffrey, I really cannot feel angry with anything so diminutive; he is a mere *homunculus*, and would do for a major in Gog and Magog's army, were they twice as little.

Southey's famous anticipation of Mormonism, and of some other matters as important as Mormonism, we find first sketched in a letter to Rickman (1805):—

Here I do not like the prospects: sooner or later a hungry government will snap at the tithes; the clergy will then become state pensioners or parish pensioners; in the latter case more odious to the farmers than they are now, in the former the first pensioners to be amerced of their stipends. Meantime, the damned system of Calvinism spreads like a pestilence among the lower classes. I have not the slightest doubt that the Calvinists will be the majority in less than half a century; we see how catching the distemper is, and do not see any means of stopping it. There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of

the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be, when the old one is worn out. I am a believer in the truth of Christianity, but truth will never do for the multitude; there is an appetite for faith in us, which if it be not duly indulged, it turns to green sickness, and feeds upon chalk and cinders. The truth is, man was not made for the world alone; and speculations concerning the next will be found, at last, the most interesting to all of us.

That Southey ripened from a religious Quietism—which he called Quakerism—into entire English churchmanship of the more decided kind, is new to us. The transition is indicated under the date of 1810, in a confidential letter to his fast friend Wynn; but he more than once alludes to this preference, which we suspect to have been of a very theoretical cast:—

My views of religion approach very nearly to Quakerism, as the *Annual Review* may perhaps have led you to suspect. The Quakers err in prohibiting things which it is sufficient to despise; they err in their principle of preaching; and their conduct about tythes is foolish and troublesome. Their opinions concerning war go against the instinct of self-defence; just now that sort of religion which the Macabees held upon this subject is more called for. There can, however, be no question but that the Quaker system, were it general, would produce the greatest possible good. It can never spread so rapidly as to lay any part of the world at the feet of the conqueror, and if it were not for Bonaparte, I should have little hesitation in declaring my conviction that it is the true system of the Gospel; that is, my reason is convinced, but I want to have the invasion over before I allow it to be so. Their morality is perfect. I should not have agreed with George Fox if he had made his creed, but I entirely agree with him in reverently abstaining from attempting to define what has been left indefinite, and in rejecting all those disputed terms which are not to be found in the Scriptures; not as false, but as not being there, and as unnecessary provocations to disputes and doubts. Were there a meeting in Keswick, I should silently take a seat in it, but I should not alter my language nor my dress, should pay my Easter dues, and stand in no fear of a pack of cards. Did you ever read Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*? If ever I can afford to write what I should not think it prudent to publish, it will be the *Religio Poetæ*.

There are not, throughout the two volumes, any very remarkable passages. As letters, they are lively, but not first-rate. Southey was gay and cheerful; yet from his correspondence one could scarcely conjecture the writer of the *Doctor*. They are full and suggestive, yet he hardly gives promise to his correspondents of the collector of *Omniana* and of the *Commonplace Books*; and, what is noticeable, he seldom speaks so decidedly of current events and public men in manuscript as in print. His more pronounced loves and hatreds were reserved for his public appearances—in all private relations his temper seems to have been genial, agreeable, and level. The world was his stage, and he reserved his ranting and gesticulation for it. He most frequently and most appropriately pours out something of his inner mind to his steady friend Wynn. Here is a life experience, very nicely put:—

Nothing makes me so melancholy as to "call over the names" at Westminster. I tried to find out Combe in London, but he was not to be heard of at the Temple. It is about six years since I saw him. Both he and I have grown into men with as little change as possible in either; and yet, after a few minutes, there was a dead weight upon me which was not to be shaken off. We met with the heartiness of old and thorough familiarity—something like a family feeling; but it was necessary to go back to school, for the moment we ceased to be schoolboys there was nothing in common between us. We had no common acquaintance or pursuit, and I feel that of all things in the world there is nothing more mortifying than to meet an old friend from whom you have had no weaning, and to find your friendship cut through at the root.

The difference between the outward and inward Southey is revealed by himself in a characteristic passage:—

Yet that I am a very happy man you know. That good lady who, as you remember, physiognomised me so luckily for "a man of sorrow, and acquainted with woe," did not happen to know that my acquaintance with woe has been broken off long since. We certainly did keep company once, and I have been in as many situations of real suffering as falls to any man's lot between the years of seventeen and twenty-two. But since that time, no man's life can have passed more smoothly. Sorrows I have had, but only such as came in the ordinary course of nature, and which, resulting from the laws of nature, bring with them their own cure, in a sense of the necessity, as well as duty, of resignation. Sufferings arising out of the evils of society are of a different character; they call up resentment, indignation, and a whole host of turbulent feelings.

We cannot speak very highly of the editorial skill displayed in annotating these Letters. Southey's pension was not given till 1807; yet in a letter dated 1806, vol. i., p. 374, he seems to write of it, in a tone very creditable to his independence, as though he were already in receipt of government pay. The common name Dusautoy is always spelt Dusantoy. The passage, vol. ii., p. 122, "We have only to keep the field till the Spaniards have been beaten with soldiers, as they were at Buenos Ayres," should obviously be "beaten into soldiers." Mr. Warter's notes, happily, are not many; but, though few, they are too often—of course in the etymological sense of the word—impertinent.

THE FAMILY.*

EVERY human being may be regarded either as a member of a family, or as a member of a nationality, or as a unit among the countless millions of the human race. In fitting conformity with these three relations—Family, Country, Humanity—by which man is knit into communion more or less close with his fellow men, God has implanted in our hearts three corresponding sentiments—the love of Family, the love of Country, and the love of Humanity. Divers and diverse in

* *La Famille: Leçons de Philosophie Morale.* Par Paul Janet, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres à Strasbourg. Deuxième édition. Paris: Ledrange. 1856.

depth, worth, and warmth may be the subdivisions of feeling into which the most superficial analysis may split up these three sentiments, especially the love of Family. No one, however, can gainsay the fact, that everything in the human heart which rises above the love of Self, or falls short of the love of God, must of necessity lapse into one or other of the members of the great triad here mentioned.

But while these feelings are confessedly common to all men—so that of each of them may be predicated the "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus" of Vincentius of Lerins—it must not be forgotten that it was left to Christianity to show, not only that their different tendencies need never clash, and that they might dwell together in unity, but also that they must of necessity co-exist, co-ternal and co-ordinate, if not co-equal. They are like the concentric circles which, wider and ever wider, gleam upon the stone-struck surface of a lake, whilst, in and through all the struggles of the ruffled water, are to be seen reflections of heaven—indications of a yet higher, purer, better love. Before Christianity made known the true ground of human brotherhood by pointing to a common Father in Heaven, and thus consecrated all earthly relationships, by setting them forth as types of relationships which are divine and heavenly, men knew not how to preserve the equilibrium among the three orders of feeling which we are now discussing, and were ever ready to assign undue preponderance to some one, to the prejudice of the remaining two. Both in the Greek and Roman world, the family, was placed in humiliating subjection to the State—the *citizen* everywhere absorbing the *man*. We have here a marked example of the different aspect which the family has assumed under Christian influences. But this not all. The ancient world was itself divided as to the relative importance of the various bonds which are comprised under the word "family." To the Greek, who loved everything which came forth from himself, and loathed everything which was not of his own appointing, voluntary relationships took the precedence over strictly natural ties—conjugal fidelity over parental authority. Not with impunity was Paris to make desolate the home and defile the bed of Menelaus—though many valiant souls should be hurled to Hades, Troy must fall, and the crime of the adulteress be avenged. Not with impunity was Jason to slight his marriage vows—the love of a mother was not to avail against the indignation of an outraged wife, so the offspring of Medea must die by Medea's hand. Of course, it would be preposterous to set up any rigid demarcation in matters which defy analysis, or to attempt to map out the human heart into separate provinces—we merely contend that in such popular legends as that of the Trojan war, in the central facts round which the poetry of Hellas clustered its choicest gems, may be discerned evidences of the general tendency of the Greek mind. These become more and more palpable when we contrast the Roman world. If there was one point more than another which seems to have staggered the Greek inquirer into the history and polity of Rome—we allude of course to Dionysius of Halicarnassus—it was the power committed to the father over the child. If there was one point more than another which Roman jurists, Gaius at their head, were loud in proclaiming as a distinctive feature of their law, it was that same prerogative awarded to the Roman parent. For at Rome the principle of fatherhood reigned paramount and supreme. It was the ultimate law to which all that was peculiar and characteristic in the Roman constitution may be reduced—it was the battlefield on which her political struggles were not only fought, but fought out. Conferred not so much by the instincts of Nature as by the will of the State and the wisdom of the gods—for, unlike the Greek, the Roman valued everything in proportion as it came to him from a power other and greater than his own—it became the prize for which the plebeian clambered, and the privilege to which the patrician clung. And here, as in the case of Hellas, the legend illustrates what history confirms. If there is one image more than another which rises to our mind's eye as we ponder over the great Roman epic, it is that of the "pious Aeneas," the "exile of fate," bearing from the smouldering ruins of Troy both the wasted frame of his sire Anchises, and the household gods—the pledges of his faith, and the earnest of his home. Much as Virgil may have borrowed from Greek sources, he felt that his poem would bear a character which no Greek would recognise, and which no Roman would repudiate, if only he brought prominently forward the cardinal idea of the hearth and the household, the father and the family. We have seen that the Greek took an imperfect view of the family, inasmuch as he assigned to voluntary relationships undue preponderance over natural ties—ties imposed by birth, not adopted by choice. Not less imperfect was the idea entertained by the Roman. His principle of fatherhood was more a State ordinance, a constitutional element, a touchstone of civil disabilities, than the fruit of natural affection, the outward manifestation of the depth and strength of inmost feelings. It was rather a trust reposed in him by the State than a tribute to the constraining power of love. No doubt, in every Roman father's heart was enthroned a tribune, ready to protest against extreme rigour in the exercise of what was known by the technical name of the *Patria Potestas*. Still, the instances of a Brutus and a Manlius, it must be remembered, are at the service of any one who may venture to maintain an opposite doctrine.

In the above remarks, our object has been to suggest some of the points of view from which we may best appreciate the ideas

entertained of the family by the Greek and the Roman world. To the narrowness and imperfection of those ideas may be traced the decline and fall of both those nations—as will yet be traced the decline and fall of every people among whom the poison of similar errors may glide. For just in proportion as the family principle is strong, the heart of a nation is sound. This Luther felt when he reminded his readers, in his *Exposition of the Decalogue*, that “out of families nations are spun.” And framers of schemes for National Education would do well to remember it also; for it is lasting consolation to those who wish well to that vexed cause, and whose wishes are perpetually foiled, that in the family circle of a home, however humble, an education is insensibly inhaled which no schoolmaster can supply, and no instruction replace. Fractions and geography are dearly bought if the precocious scholar, cut off from hourly communion with his home, is become an alien to his mother’s children.

We fear the reader will chafe with impatience to know the drift and purport of this exordium. We can assure him it will not have been thrown away if it shall lead him to attach additional importance to the work which has been at once the text and the pretext of the reflections we have submitted to his perusal. An unpretending work it certainly is; but in spite—or should we not rather say, because—of that, the first edition was exhausted in little more than a fortnight, and if any one wishes to procure a copy of the second, we recommend him not to delay. The author, it will be seen by the title, is a Professor at Strasburg, and the book he has now given to the world consists of a course of lectures which were delivered in that city before an audience of all ages and both sexes. In keeping with the mixed character of his hearers, is the popularity and homeliness of his style. Philosophical, in the highest sense of the word, he does not pretend to be. But if his aim had been more ambitious, his success would have been less complete. His other works, on Kantian doctrines and *Platonic Dialectik*, may gain him admission to the study and the closet; but this will secure him a warm welcome in the parlour and at the fireside. His subject is one in which many have preceded him; and of these he gives more special mention, in his Preface, to M. Dargaud, the brilliant author of the *History of Mary Stuart*—M. Buisson, a Protestant minister at Lyons—the Abbé Chassay—and, on to the other side the Rhine, M. Riehl. In the body of his work he shows that he has made himself familiar with cognate treatises of less recent date by M^{me} Guizot, Rémusat, and Necker-Saussure. But, in spite of this array of predecessors in the same field, he felt that the subject was not exhausted—nay, he was sure it never would be. Where novelty is impossible, and originality dangerous, free scope will always be left for an honest heart and an able pen. The simplicity of his plan is in keeping with the singleness of his aim:—“I shall begin,” he says, “by treating of the family in general, then of each of the members of which it is composed, and shall wind up by replying briefly, and discreetly, to certain unhealthy objections which are floating about in the atmosphere of the day, and to which clever writers have cruelly lent the aid of their intoxicating eloquence.”

Accordingly, the subject of his first lecture is Family Life, its moral action upon man, the trials it imposes, the efforts it exacts, the rewards it confers—all, in short, that it contributes to make one wiser and a happier man. But what is happiness? This is the gravest of all questions. To answer it, schools have wrangled, and will continue to wrangle, as long as it is the lot of man to sorrow, and his privilege to think. But, waiving all knotty points, the most essential characteristic of human happiness is peace—not the inert peace of a vegetating existence, but that deep, calm joy which the soul finds in the exercise of a healthy activity, and in the satisfaction of real, inward needs. Of this joy, the purest and liveliest source is in the affections; and of the affections there are two—conjugal love and parental love—which meet two of the greatest and most inseparable yearnings of our nature, the desire to *live in another*, and, in another, to *survive oneself*.

Isolation is the greatest infliction man can endure. Solitary confinement, it has often been maintained, is a punishment more cruel than that which it was intended to replace—to die daily being worse than to die once for all. But of all isolations domestic solitude is the worst. Routines, dinner-parties, and fashionable promenades will not avail to mask the vacant chair at the fireside. That it is not good for man to live alone, is a truth on which mankind has set its seal, from the days of our first parents until now. In and for another’s life, must his own spend and be spent. Therefore must he get him a helpmeet for him. Our author here breaks a lance in defence of what are commonly called love-matches. We fear he would not meet with the suffrages of a recent writer on *Novel-Life*; but he must console himself with the reflection that he has Madame de Staél, and even such an austere man as M. Guizot, on his side. But will the feeling which begets love-matches last over the honeymoon? Possibly not; but what it loses in freshness, it gains in maturity. The flower may fade, but the gnarled root sinks deeper, and spreads wider as years roll on—so thickly and closely are its fibres intertwined that they cannot be torn asunder without drawing the heart’s best blood from the survivor. But it is, in marriage, man, from a point, becomes a line, in the offspring of marriage he finds that line produced. Thus is parental love the fit complement of conjugal love. The beautiful expression of Madame de Sévigné, in a

letter to her daughter, *J’ai mal à votre poitrine*, does but typify the fact that parents live the life, suffer the sorrows, and die the death of their children. If, when these come to man’s estate, their talents or their virtues shine, to the parent belongs a share of the glory and the praise. Thus does one generation act and react upon another—thus does the family at once complete and perpetuate the life of its founder and its head.

But are these benefits without alloy? Three causes conspire, says M. Janet, to answer this question in the negative. First, the inevitable conditions incident to family life—secondly, the vicissitudes of external circumstances—and thirdly, the diversities of characters and dispositions. The family has its duties as well as its rights. To wish to unite the pleasures of single life—whatever they may be—with those of family life, is to miss and to mar both. Family is a servitude, if you will; but self-sacrifice is the meat and drink of all pure and true affection. If you bend your knee at the shrine of self, you are weaving the shroud of love. Again, there are certain conditions of birth, fortune, position, which materially affect the happiness of married life. All violent contrasts of fortune or education are rarely compatible with peace. Those who are prepared to despise such considerations—and their number, our author maintains, is diminishing daily, youth having become as calculating as old age—should be equally prepared to show the same courage in supporting as in confronting difficulties. Another pitfall to which conjugal happiness is exposed is incompatibility of temper. When rubbing against the angles and excrescences of conflicting characters and dispositions, it requires great caution to escape a scratch. Tolerance—at all times a duty of Christian charity—is in marriage a matter of sheer prudence; for the man who bears nothing is himself unbearable. And how shall we not be tolerant when we reflect that every one has his faults, and that we have no right to impose upon others a perfection we lack ourselves? And even when all these snares are avoided, our author is not prepared to guarantee any special immunity from trials and troubles. Sorrow is a family heirloom as old as the sentence, “In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.” But is sorrow an evil? Our author’s reply might be summed up in the words of the Greek proverb, *παθήσατε παθήσατε*, “Pain is gain.” The man who shirks the cross must not expect to share the crown.

We have endeavoured to render the spirit of M. Janet’s opening lecture on the general idea of the Family. In a succeeding article, we shall touch upon some points in reference to its various component members, which appear to us worthy of more special attention. In that amusing dialogue of Lucian’s (*Vitarum auctio*) where philosophers come to the hammer, Chrysippus replies to the question, what is his forte, by saying that he is a maker of nets—words the meshes, and men the fish. In some such net as this, we confess, M. Janet has caught us. We murmur not at our fate. Happy are the fishes that find their way into toils like these. The reader may perhaps object that, from the specimens we have given him, M. Janet delivers himself of trite truisms. If so, we can only reply that of truisms trite as these are built up the wisdom and the welfare of the world. Give me a single domestic grace, said one of old, and I will turn it into a hundred public virtues. Mistrust the man who speaks jestingly of hearth and home. Not from a corrupt spring can pure waters flow. If we would make fast the foundations of England, and further the reign of peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, we must do all that in us lies to cultivate a reverence for the household gods. Family, country, humanity, these three—but the greatest of these is Family. Such is the moral we would draw from the work before us.

RYMER JONES ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.*

PROFESSOR RYMER JONES has here produced a new edition of a work long celebrated for the beauty and prodigality of its illustrations, and for the lucid compactness of its information. Since the appearance of his first edition, many divisions of the subject have been so extensively explored that scarcely ten pages of what was then a summary of knowledge would now represent the state of science. He has availed himself of these discoveries, and has brought the present edition up to what may be considered as representing the zoology of to-day. Not in every instance, indeed, has this revision been as perfect as it might have been; and those who have devoted themselves to the study of special groups will, of course, find him occasionally behindhand. But while we must admit that the work has many errors both of omission and commission, we must not forget that such a task as he has undertaken no man would have performed without many errors. He travels over too vast a field not to stumble sometimes, and not to overlook many important objects.

While indicating, as in duty bound, what a French critic would call *nos réserves* in respect of this *Animal Kingdom*, we cordially recommend it for general excellence; and, indeed, if the reader wished for a Manual, this is the only one we can cordially recommend as at once intelligible and reliable. There is a great want of system in it; but this want of system is a very general defect in such works. Another defect of most works on Comparative Anatomy is, that they are not comparative—they furnish materials, but they do not bring the materials into such juxtaposition as

* General Outline of the Organization of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S. Second Edition. London: Van Voorst. 1855.

that one detail shall elucidate the other. Only those who have tried to co-ordinate the bulky mass of accumulated facts can fully feel the absence of such comparison. The student is bewildered by the multiplicity of unattached details; and this bewilderment is greatly increased by the lax and vicious nomenclature which zoologists and zootomists have permitted themselves. What should we say to the chemist who chose to call a substance an *acid* which had none of the known properties of an acid, and which would not unite with any known base? What should we say of a nautical writer who chose to give a few planks of wood, tied together by a cord, the name of a *yacht*? Yet language like this would be quite as precise and instructive as the habitual language of zoologists, who call contractile fibres by the name of muscle—muscle being a *specific* string, composed of these fibres and cellular tissue, blood-vessels, nerves, &c. In like manner, on perceiving certain pink spots, they straightway pronounce them to be *eyes*, although an eye is a specific organ having a specific construction, which these spots have *not*, and a specific connexion with a nervous system—these spots being observed in animals destitute of nerves!

We have named but two examples; but we might go through the existing nomenclature, and exhibit the same deplorable want of precision, which the want of sound biological philosophy has admitted unchallenged. Professor Rymer Jones, in following it, only follows established custom, and we must not criticise his employment of it; nor will we criticise his classification, lax though it be, because, in point of fact, there is no work to which we can refer for a classification such as meets the exigencies of the case. Cuvier's is the one usually adopted, with many minor modifications; and Cuvier was quite unable to follow out his own system. Owen, who took up the principle which Cuvier proclaimed and neglected—namely, that of arranging the animals according to their *nervous system*—made indeed a very important division when he distributed them into *acrita*, or animals in which the nervous system is not discernible; *nematoura*, or animals with nerve-filaments; *homogangliata*, or animals with ganglia of similar type; *heterogangliata*, or animals with various ganglia. But this improvement, undeniable though it be, effected little. The application of the principle could not change the Cuvierian classification into one which would properly represent an animal series rising from the simplest to the most complex organisms, nor enable the zoologist to class the animals of one group in their due subordination.

The most thoroughly systematic classification with which we are acquainted is that by De Blainville, who classes animals according to their envelopes. But even if we admitted the principle, it would not aid us in determining the subordination of the various parts of each group. Carus made an approach to a serial order in his classification, which the reader may not be sorry to see reproduced here, in spite of the fact that it has never gained acceptance among zoologists; nor, in fact, did it deserve acceptance. At the commencement of the series Carus places the *ozaa*, or egg-like animals. The commencement of every animal is an egg, or a globule of albumen; and there must, therefore, be animals which permanently remain at this stage, whose bodies are homogeneous, or but slightly heterogeneous, and which have no well-defined opposition between the two poles of animal and vegetable life, *i. e.*, the nervous and circulating systems. The *ozaa* comprise infusoria, zoophytes, and radiata. The second series is formed by the *Corposa*, in which there is a well-defined opposition between the nervous and circulating systems, and a distinct *body* is formed. But as, in one class, the abdominal portion of the trunk is alone developed, and in another the thoracic is superadded, he subdivides the *Corposa* into *Gasterozoa* (usually called *mollusca*) and *Thoracozoa* (usually called *articulate*). The third series shows us animals which, besides the body divided into abdomen and chest, have a third centre for the principal organs of sensation and animal life. These are the *Cephalozoa* (or *vertebrata*), which are subdivided into *Cephalo-*adipozoa** (fishes), *Cephalo-*gasterozoa** (reptiles), *Cephalo-*thoracozoa** (birds), and *Cephalo-*cephalozoa** (mammalia). On the first glance, this is a classification which pleases by its serial distribution of animals; but a closer scrutiny reveals its utter impracticability, and the names chosen are enough to warn away the public.

Professor Rymer Jones adopts the ordinary classification, but his subdivisions greatly puzzle us, and he makes the already perplexing group of Radiata still more harassing by his seemingly capricious arrangement. We have read his book, however, with so much satisfaction on the whole, that we feel indisposed to tease him with any critical objections; for, after all, he may answer that we consider classification important, and that he does not. His purpose is to describe in a general way the structure of animals—not to teach philosophic zoology.

MR. F. W. NEWMAN'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.*

MR. NEWMAN has tried his powers on many subjects—with what success we are not here called upon to decide. But it is at least clear to us that he does not understand Homer. He has a preface, such as we should expect from him—very learned, full of judicious criticism, of accurate and ingenious

* *The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English Metre.* By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberley.

discursive thought. His principal conclusions—and they seem very sound ones—are that his translation must be literal, and render faithfully all peculiarities—that our old ballad metres are far more fit for a translation of Homer than either blank or heroic verse—that good Saxon words should be employed as often as possible—and that, as the melody of Homer is unapproachable, “not audible sameness of metre, but a likeness of *moral genius*, must be aimed at.” Such is his programme,—and a very good one; but it is programme only of his tools, not of his work. When we come to the work itself, we find it open thus:—

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing,
Accursed, which with countless pangs,
And forward flung to Aides
Of heroes, and their very selves
And unto every fowl, (for so

Oh, Goddess, the resentful
Achain's army wounded,
Full many a gallant spirit
Did toss to dogs that ravin,
Would Jove's device be compass'd.)

Ohe jam satis? Is this Homer? Is it even to be placed beside Chapman's blundering magnificence, or Pope's cockney polish? It may be accurate enough; but where is the “likeness of moral genius” which we were promised? Chapman, with all his blunders, has caught the tone of rich, fierce manhood of which his own time was as full as Homer's; but one feels, in reading Mr. Newman's first page, and every page after it, that this element of “moral genius,” which is Homer's “differential energy,” is exactly the element which Mr. Newman's muse has not. A friend of ours, on being asked why he did not translate Homer, made answer, “How can I write of battles, who never even saw a man die? I should need a twelvemonth's campaign in the Crimea before I could translate most pages of the *Iliad*.” It would have been too much to ask of Mr. Newman a twelvemonth's campaign; but he might, at least, have crossed the water, and studied an Irish faction fight, or, as he is a scholar, have assisted at a gown-and-town row. Either of the two would (especially after he had been knocked down once or twice) have taught him secrets about the special “moral genius” of Homer which he does not now seem to suspect.

We have said that Mr. Newman is accurate. We only meant to apply this word to his knowledge of the meaning of the Greek. His English is sadly inaccurate—full of slip-slop, and, in spite of his promise of good Saxon, interlarded with Latinisms of the very worst and most unpoetical kind. Where he coins a word, he coins it ill; and, worst of all, in spite of his promise of accuracy, he often alters Homer, and almost as often spoils him. Indeed, not one page of this book have we opened which has not offence or offence.

For instance, *εκερύε* may mean “far-averter,” but what does “far-averter” mean? *Δαιμονιη* may mean “possessed by some demon,” or it may not; but what does “elf-possessed” mean? We know what elf means, but in what British or Scandinavian mythology has Mr. Newman found either that elf is an equivalent for *Δαιμων*, or that elves possess people? There might have been an excuse, (though a poor one at best) for translating *μυφαλητος* by elf-possessed—none for this mistake. Where, again, is the likeness to Homer's “moral genius” in using such words as “*betos*,” or the obsolete, and now utterly unintelligible “over-hend”—or in talking of Ulysses' “daredevilry”—or in saying that Hector held primacy in battle—or in translating the good old *απαιειθεμενος προσεφη* by “responsively accosted,” or simple *προσεπειτε* by “began discourses;” or *κοριθαιος Έκτρο* by “Hector of the MOTLEY HELM?” A “motley coat” one knows well enough; but that only suggests to the reader the notion that a motley helm must needs be a fool's cap. *Αιολος*, by the bye, is translated “striped” when applied to a serpent, though the Python is not striped, but spotted; and the Python is falsely said to “tear,” which snakes cannot do, instead of to strike, as Homer (always accurate) has it. Again, *ευκυνιδες Αιανοι* is rendered, of all things in the world, the “dapper-greaved” Achaians. To give some notion of the frequency of these faults, we may say that the last five occur in forty-five lines taken at random from the end of the sixth book; and that among them occur also these three grievous cases of altering Homer for the worse. *Τησιν δε γιον πασχοντων ένωρετο* is rendered, “And in them all, she waked a love of sorrow”—“sorrow” being an unpoetical and abstract mistranslation of the concrete “wail,” and “waked,” and “love,” mere interpolations of Mr. Newman's, of what value readers may decide. A few lines below, Homer, who had probably once or twice seen a colt running loose, and knew that horses' manes grow on their necks, says accurately enough, “his locks are *lost about* his shoulders.” Mr. Newman, whether or not he has seen a run-away colt, or has ascertained by personal inspection where horses' manes grow, writes—

And off his shoulders *rusheth* the mane abroad—

thus differing, both as to his verb and his preposition, considerably, both from Homer and from nature. But the worst case of all occurs four lines on, where Paris' “swift feet,” after being transformed like the horse's mane, into “rushing” feet, are actually made, not to “bear” him, as in Homer, but to “escort” him! How this mysterious process was effected we know not; possibly, as Paris was a royal prince, his feet may have walked backwards before him, with a wax-candle in each hand, as Mr. Gye would have done, if he had gone to the opera. But we cannot help wondering that Mr. Newman's logical faculty should

find no difficulty in this miracle of a man's own feet escorting him, after having refused belief to so many which are far less astonishing, and far better attested.

We are not more severe, we believe, than the case deserves; for after opening this book again and again to see the rendering of well-known passages, we must confess ourselves unable to discover any which rise above the doggrel (harsh as the word is, it is fair) of the first five lines. Everywhere are ludicrous epithets, verses which will not scan, sentences unnecessarily transposed or involved, short as they are; and nowhere, as far as we can find, one hint of poetic power, or one spark of enthusiasm, but the same dull stumbling along the dead level of a metre which, after all Mr. Newman's promises about a ballad metre, is not one at all, but an invention of his own, which (after inventing it) he discovered with much pleasure to be the very same to which "the modern Greek Epic" has betaken itself. What recommendation this may be, we leave to be decided by the learned; but this we can say, that the manly force and melody of English ballad poetry (even supposing that rhyme is unnecessary) depend primarily on the *male* ending of each distich, and are utterly destroyed by the female ending (unknown to the ballad writer) which Mr. Newman has introduced, and which gives to English ballad metre a tilt always effeminate, and often ludicrous. On this latter account, it, or at least the suffix "Sir!" to produce the same effect, is commonly used in comic songs. In fact, Mr. Newman, after having given excellent arguments in favour of using the metre of (to quote his own example)—

"The queen sits lone on Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day—"

has, by one of those strange mistakes from which no book-learning will protect, unless the real poetic ear and heart be present also, altered it all into the equally well known metre of—

"When yankee doodle went to town,
Upon a little pony—"

or—

"St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And come of decent people—"

or—

"A captain bold, of Halifax,
Who lived in country quarters."

By way of proving his appreciation of Homer, he has set the whole *Iliad* to a very clumsy imitation of these well known melodies, without even allowing the public ear the comfort of hearing it jingle.

LAURA GAY.*

Laura Gay has evidently been written for the amusement and edification of that large, and—thanks to such books as this—rapidly increasing class, which Mr. Thackeray long ago immortalized. In a word, this story might fitly be designated "A Novel for Snobs, by One of Themselves!" The writer, flattering himself with the hope that his readers will be numerous, naturally wished to gratify their various tastes. Accordingly, he offers to one set amongst them what he knows it is always craving for—pictures of aristocratic society at home and abroad. For another, he provides portraits of political characters; and, passing by a natural transition from the State to the Church, he introduces into his canvas a few sketches of the clergy and "our brethren of the mediæval ritual"—the whole forming a delightful little chamber of horrors, enough to make Madame Tussaud *créver* with envy.

But our business at present is chiefly with the heroine, who is intended to embody the writer's idea of female excellence. For our part, we can only say that if we were to have the misfortune to meet her in real life, we should shrink from her with an aversion the justice of which we can readily prove to our readers by sketching a few of her characteristics, in, as far as practicable, the writer's own words. Laura Gay does not happen to be "high bred"—she is only the daughter of a very successful merchant, whose wife died when Laura was four years old, at which early age she is described as being "loving, grateful, obedient, considerate, cherishing the persuasion that an unseen and holy Being is ever near to befriend and approve every endeavour after virtue and duty." If our go-a-head cousins on the other side of the Atlantic were to institute a baby exhibition in which the prizes given were dependent on the moral excellencies of the child, Laura Gay would surely bear away the palm. We will not, however, inquire whether this charming idea could ever be realized, but content ourselves with observing that Laura maintains these delightful characteristics as long as we are allowed to have the privilege of her acquaintance. At the age of nineteen, she appears in the character of an heiress; her father's last injunction to her having been that she and her aunt should take a twelvemonth's tour on the Continent immediately after his decease. "I had hoped," said he, "that your poor brother and I would have accompanied you both upon such a tour about this time. That may not be—we rejoin my wife." So the father sets off on his tour, and Laura on hers—taking with her, as handbooks and companions of travel, "the dear old Virgil, the graceful Horace, the humane Cicero, the pleasant Livy, and the deep-souled Dante!"

In a very short space of time she arrives at Rome, where she first sees her hero, Charles Thornton, and also meets with Mr. Redford and Miss Wyndham, the black sheep of the story. And here is a little sketch of Laura, standing before the Apollo in company with a large party, in whose presence she delivers herself as follows:—

In Plato's soul the glorious Apollo was fitly shrined; nor will we call that speaking marble "a dream of love, shaped by some solitary nymph;" but augur Apollo, Hellenic form of bright truth, such as he who said,

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day.

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Ballenies, and even Thornton was converted.

Pretty well this, for a young lady of nineteen! But, during a ride to the catacombs, she looms upon us more grandly still. Her lover has been saying that Cicero's feelings for the soil of Athens are ours for Rome; after which he quotes, "Quacunque enim ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus." "And," continued Laura, "Ista studia si ad imitandos summos viros spectant ingenirosorum sunt." We should be obliged to the writer if he would inform us what is the meaning of the word *continued* in the above passage, seeing that the second quotation is clearly not a continuation of the first. A bold lover Mr. Thornton must indeed have been to determine to carry on the conquest of a lady who talked Latin in preference to her mother tongue; but perhaps the fright which she must have given him on this occasion was partially dispelled afterwards by a confession which proved that she had not much more than a bowing acquaintance with Shakspere.

After spending some weeks in Laura's society, Mr. Thornton is obliged to return home, in consequence of the failure of a joint stock company; and after his departure, longer residence in Rome becomes so distasteful to Laura that she resolves to set off for England at once. In consequence of some misunderstanding or other, Charles Thornton, on seeing her, for the first time after her return, at a flower-show, accompanied by Lord Huntley, imagines her to be engaged to him, and treats her so coldly at first, and so rudely—not to say savagely—afterwards, that she nearly faints. Lord Huntley is obliged to hurry her away from the gardens and escort her back to her hotel, where he leaves her, after having begged "to recall to her memory a dépôt of strength and consolation which, until we are hard pressed by the trials of life, we are too apt to forget." It is satisfactory to find that, after a while, Laura does "recover a calmer sadness by the aid of tea and quiet, and a recurrence to that sacred dépôt to which Lord Huntley had referred her." Joking apart, in what wretchedly bad taste is all this! And what kind of mind must the writer possess not to perceive that, by alluding in such unseemly fashion to sacred things, he is doing all he can to make them "common and unclean."

At the time when the occurrence in the gardens took place, Laura was staying in London to transact some business connected with a large sum of money which, unknown to Thornton, she had caused her aunt to advance to him for the purpose of relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments. The passage in which she is presented to us, as thus engaged, is so rich that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

Among other things, she had to see and arrange with their joint lawyer, Mr. Jenkins, for the investment of half the amount lent upon Charles Thornton's shares, and now repaid by him. Commonplace and ignoble though such things appear to those who "go in for" cultivation, taste, and gentility, our heroine had watched the rising value of these shares with a peculiar interest, as deep, we opine, as that with which "first principles" or philosophic truth could inspire her; and she mourned over this dying interest as fondly as any other romantic damsel might have wept over a faded rose, once dearly cherished as the token of her love and constancy, now scattered to the winds as the fitter emblem of a lover's faithlessness.

After the specimens we have given of Laura, our readers will not be surprised to hear that she is as "well up" in history, ancient and modern, in political economy and moral philosophy, in religious questions, and in all the topics of the day, as she is in the classics; whilst she discourses on ethnology as if she were a second Dr. Latham. In a word, she is an insufferable strong-minded female prig, and we do not envy Mr. Thornton the possession of his bride.

We should almost question the propriety of dwelling upon what hardly merits more than a single sentence of condemnation, were it not that we regard this book as a type of a style of writing which is gaining ground more and more amongst us, and which is more apt to damage the morals and deteriorate the tastes of novel-readers than they are perhaps able to imagine. We can scarcely tell whether such books as these make us feel more scorn at the exhibition which they give of the ignorance and assumption of the writers, or more sorrow and apprehension when we find them attracting so large a circle of readers, and gaining favourable notice from those whose office it is to guide the taste of the public. If there were any basis of truth either in the opinions brought forward or in the pictures given of different classes of society, we would readily excuse what is faulty in other respects; but as it is, we have not a word to say in their favour. In regard to the sketches of the aristocracy which *Laura Gay* contains, it is clear the writer knows nothing more of high-born ladies than what he may have picked up from watching them driving in the parks; and that all he can tell about the manner of life of their husbands and brothers, is what he has gathered from seeing them lounging in club windows. As for the morality of the story, it will not be rated

* *Laura Gay: a Novel.* 2 Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

very highly when we state that, without a word of condemnatory comment, the writer tells us that "Redford did not overrate his wife's charms; and if he were inclined to do so, it was *her* business, not *his*, to keep the law;" while Mrs. Wyndham is made to advise her daughter to marry a man she does not love, on the score that "he, like other men, believes in the universality of evil, and whatever his wife does, it will never surprise or shock him."

We have already alluded to the way in which sacred subjects are introduced, and we had marked for comment a still more flagrant violation of the reverence due to them; but it will suffice to mention that it relates to a portion of a sermon on the Eucharist, to which we are treated, and which we found it difficult to read through, on account of the pain and indignation which it excited. To descend to minor faults, we would advise the writer to be more sparing another time in quotations, and to be more careful as to grammar and spelling in those in which he indulges. In the course of a hundred pages we noticed mistakes in Latin, French, and Italian, such as "spreta" for spreta, "phisiq' for physique," "entente cordial," and "charmant sourire." We have sought in vain for such a verb as "dipassare;" and the Italian reads very like literally translated English. There is also a sad jumble and misuse of prepositions, and "sanitary" is spelt with an *o* wherever it occurs. We have, of course, plenty of fine writing, such as where a gentleman is said to drop a cloak so gently on a lady's shoulders that it must have blushed at the tenderness with which it was handled, &c.

But we are tired of criticising, and will only, in conclusion, admonish the writer to set about learning "first principles" before he presumes to teach them, and not again to venture to hold the mirror up either to Nature or Art until he shall have made a little acquaintance with both the one and the other.

MARLBOROUGH AND WELLINGTON.*

THIS is an unpretending little sketch of the careers of the two greatest English commanders, and a substantially fair comparison of their military and political titles to renown. The author takes a somewhat more favourable view of the statesmanship of both his heroes than we should be disposed to do. Of Marlborough he does indeed say that he was "rather an intriguing party-leader than a distinguished statesman;" and he owns that "his ingratitude to James II. and his duplicity to his son and to George I. must for ever stain his character both as a politician and a man." We do not picture Marlborough to ourselves as the monstrous incarnation of vice which Macaulay has painted; but we cannot accept an estimate of his character which scarcely alludes to the grasping selfishness which was throughout his ruling passion. The tribute to Wellington's "unblemished integrity, patriotism, and straightforwardness," will be acquiesced in by all; but the concluding eulogium on the last of our great generals is open to something more than doubt. "It will be very long," says our author, "before such another man as Arthur Duke of Wellington will be found, to guide so ably as he did the councils of England, either in peace or war." No praise seems to us too high for his military genius; but to elevate him to the first rank of statesmanship savours rather of the Iron-Duke worship which was long one of the amiable weaknesses of a considerable party in the country. No man understood less than he the spirit which should animate the Minister of a free country. His sagacity told him, indeed, when to retire from an untenable position. He never committed the crime of resisting popular feeling to the last extremity. But his concessions were yielded to necessity, not won by sympathy for constitutional liberty. The tone of his mind was exclusively military. In the Cabinet he was still the General, holding his own as long as he could against the will of the country, and only giving in from the purely military consideration that his position was no longer defensible. This is not the character which we most admire in an English statesman, and we hope to live under the influence of Ministers who can better appreciate the yearnings for progress which it is their duty to carry into effect.

We cordially agree with the author's conclusion that the palm of military genius must be assigned to Wellington. Still it seems to us that scanty justice is done to the splendid campaigns of Marlborough. There is much truth in the remark, that the rapid action and skilful strategy of Bonaparte and his marshals made them more formidable opponents than any of the generals against whom Marlborough was pitted; but it should not be forgotten that the conqueror of Blenheim was scarcely less conspicuous than Napoleon himself for the very qualities that made the armies of the emperor so long irresistible. The campaign of 1704 was almost as brilliant as the best of Napoleon's. With a heterogeneous army and a divided command, against the wishes of politicians at home and allies in the field, Marlborough marched his army with incredible rapidity across the whole of Germany, and masked his plans with so much skill, both from unwilling confederates and from a watchful enemy, that while all were expecting operations upon the Rhine, he had established himself on the Danube long before the French troops were able to advance to the defence of

Bavaria. The storming of the Schellenberg lines, in despite of the sluggish tactics of the Margrave of Baden, who shared with him the command on alternate days, was a splendid proof of that energy of action which Lord Cranbourne rather strangely denies him. The rapid junction with Eugene, the victory of Blenheim, the descent on the Rhine, and the bold and successful march upon Treves, completed a series of operations which freed Germany in a single season from the armies of France, and left the allies in a position to commence the following campaign by an incursion into the heart of the enemy's dominions. It is hardly an adequate description of these achievements to say, as our author does, that Marlborough gained the battle of Blenheim under the peculiar disadvantage of having to cross from the Rhine to the Danube in order to support the Austrian general. Wellington's achievements are evidently dwelt upon with more satisfaction, and ample justice is done to his masterly retreat after Talavera, and his skilful occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras, no less than to the many victories which rewarded his sagacious and determined tactics. The points of contrast between the two generals are well marked, and their merits on the whole fairly summed-up.

There is a special interest in a book by Lord Cranbourne, besides that which belongs to its literary merits. It is one of many works by a blind man. There is a great pleasure in seeing that the "knowledge by one entrance quite shut out" can pass the barrier which nature has opposed. It is not easy for any one to enter into the spirit of a campaign, or to appreciate the manoeuvres of a battle, without a considerable amount of laborious poring over maps and plans; yet this apparently insuperable difficulty must be surmounted by the student who has lost the sense on which others rely. It is impossible to read Lord Cranbourne's book without perceiving that he must have the ideal picture of the scenes which he describes as vividly presented to his mind's eye as if he enjoyed the blessing of sight. It may be that the blind man has even a clearer notion of relative positions than others. He sees intellectually instead of sensually. If he travels—and Lord Cranbourne, like some others who have suffered under the same deprivation, is a great traveller—he must form his ideas of the places he visits by a strenuous mental effort which others need not exert. When, by the aid of companions, he has succeeded in realizing the outlines of the objects before him, the picture thus daguerreotyped in the brain may probably have a permanence and distinctness far superior to the careless impressions of the common race of travellers, who scarcely use the eyes that nature has given them. The charm of picturesque scenery and the luxury of colour are beyond the reach of the blind, but they need not be a whit behind the keenest observers in their conceptions of form and position. Our author's writings show, that even without the blessing of sight, it is possible for a man to comprehend the doings, to sympathize with the genius, and to share the progress of his fellows; and even if there were nothing else to be learned from them, which is very far from being the case, they would afford us more gratification than books of greater pretension without this peculiar claim upon our sympathies.

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